

ANGLO-AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

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From Blackwood's Magazine.

THINGS OF THE DAY.

THE kind of public homage paid in Foreign countries to musicians, dancers, singers, and all that race, exhibits an extravagance which would be amusing if it were not preposterous. Listz, a mere piano player, which is a mere artizan of music, a mechanical affair, very little above a weaver at a stocking loom, wholly a thing of practice, and capable of being equalled by an automaton figure at a travelling show, has been received, *feted*, and followed with almost royal honors in Berlin. We did not expect to find the Berlineses such fools, though it must be acknowledged that when the Germans are determined to be sensitive and sublime, they leave all other absurdity far behind. They are extremely apt to model themselves on their baron of memorable name, who, when he jumped out of a window in Paris, and broke his bones, said he was only learning to be lively. Listz, lately on leaving Berlin, was *feted*, serenaded, and escorted out of the city by 1500 youths, warlike, civic, legal and medical—the whole rising generation of lawyers, doctors, poets and fiddlers of the metropolis of Prussia.

The dancers however, are more triumphant still. Taglioni, on her late visit to St. Petersburg, was *feted*, not only by the nobility, but by the Autocrat of all the Russias himself. She was seated at the table with the Empress and the imperial family, and so far as we can discover, received all the honors of a crowned head. If all this had been done to some eminent genius—if the mustache of his imperial majesty had been smoothed down to some memorable poet—if the soft words of the Princesses had been addressed to some painter, capable of commemorating their beauty, and sending down their smiles for years to come—all might be intelligible; or if the national admiration had been gathered round some famous historian, who was to redeem Russia from obscurity, and blazon her rather sallow cheek with some of those colors which still flush Greek and Roman fame, we might comprehend something of the national excitement; but to see all these heaps of homage gathered round a French *grisette*, this national altar

raised as a pedestal for a shabby specimen of the *gens de coulisse* of the Academie Royal de Musique—all this gathering of garlands flung upon a mere caperer, whose whole earthly merit is that of shooting out one leg at right angles with her body, and twirling on the other, in that species of motion which has so often been compared to a fly upon a pin. On another occasion, this saltatory enchantress, on leaving the door of the Opera House at St. Petersburg, to return to her hotel, found a britchska ready to receive her at the door, with silver spokes to its wheels: and for any thing that we can tell, lined with beaten gold and furnished with jewelled harness. We shall not vouch for all these marvels, but they were certainly in the German papers and the probability is that they were true.

The singers have been from time to time as much in the eye of fortune and crowned heads. There is a fellow by the name of Monain, in Italy, making more noise at this moment than an invasion, and convulsing the land pretty much in the style of a general earthquake. All the principessas are in love with him by instinct, all the princes are intriguing to have him at their courts. The Pope and Cardinals are clubbing their sequins to coax him to Rome, and a triumphal arch is erecting on the Simplon for his transit to Paris and London, when he shall have left but his echo behind him in Italy, and given over the land of song to silence and despair. Rubini has lately been erecting a rival throne in Spain to Espartero and the Regency. His arrival at Madrid was fortunate for the peace of the country; for it occurred immediately after the late insurrection, and threw oil on the troubled waters. All Madrid, with a hundred thousand knives in its hands, no sooner heard this male syren, than the knives were sheathed, and their ears became the conduits to universal peace; for Rubini sang them all in good humor with each other, loyalty to the little Queen, and what was of more importance, submission to the great Regent. He caught cold in a serenade, and was lost to the theatre for a week. During that time the government was nearly lost again; the Madridenos, no longer spelled by the Signor's cadenzas returned to the original ferocity of their

nature, and finding time hang heavy on their hand, began talking politics and stabbing each other again. The six battalions of the Royal Guard would have made but an insignificant figure against the patriots of the streets, and the bayonet would have soon gone down before the *luchillo*; but a second revolution was escaped, for Rubini appeared once more. His first canzonet calmed the agitation; the furious songs of the rabble were exchanged for lisplings of *Idol Mio Bene*, and *Espartero* reigned again in the hearts of a unanimous and song loving people.

We have a little of this foolery at home, but it has all the effects of imitation, and it is wholly confined to those weak people, who, for want of some other mode of yawning away their evening, go to the theatres. It happens that such is the prolific state of British theatrical talent, that the two theatres are now going on side by side, in a progress of unspeakable dullness, very seldom and unutterably stupid, like two hearses rivalling each other in the slowness of their progress, and the moodiness of their drapery. We have no desire to press too severely on the credulity of those who may honor these pages with their inspection; yet we pledge our credit for the fact that for the last two or three weeks, the two theatres of Convent Garden and Drury Lane, have been performing precisely the two most stupid dramas that ever drawled through four mortal hours on any mortal stage. *Acis and Galatea* at Drury Lane—though whether MacReady performs *Acis* or *Galatea* we are utterly unable to say, never having indulged ourselves with seeing the importance; but as he probably sings quite as well as he acts, he perhaps takes the heroine, or, as doubtless he dances as well as he does either, he may perform *Pan*, or *Polyphemus*. *Comus* beautiful as a poem, as a drama is dull; and yet these are the two performances which have been prominently brought forward, and with new scenery, machinery, and decorations, as the phrase is, at that express period of the year when the theatres are generally supposed to put forth their strength; namely at the meeting of Parliament, with the town full, and before the idlers of fashion have begun to give and take balls. We have had one or two melancholy attempts at melancholy dramas, and one or two lively little adaptations from the French, as usual. Is dramatic power utterly dead in England, or is it only a cripple that can walk only on French crutches? If it be such, it must soon cease to walk at all. How strange is it that the country which of all others is actually the most natural, which is but saying the most original, in all its habits, should exhibit no transcript of itself upon the stage.

If the French theatre should copy noth-

ing from real life, we should feel no surprise, because French real life is copied from the theatre. The Frenchman, from the throne to the galleys, is always acting; from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall, all is in the gardener's frame; in the senate and the streets he is alike acting according to the heroes of the opera. He pens his last will and testament with a flourish, and swallows his final ptiisan with the air of *Socrates* pouring out his hemlock to immortality.

The German stage is unreal for another reason; because the German considers reality beneath him. Naturally of a heavy temperament, nothing will satisfy him but an extravaganza. Thus he rambles at once into the region of ghosts and goblins; his heroes are monsters of mysticism, and his heroines are fiends with petticoats, of which they are too apt to divest themselves. We have now come to an end of the dramas of Europe: for the Spanish theatre now exhibits nothing but fooleries of its *Graciosos* and the legs of its *Bolero* dancers, and the Italian theatre has been sing-song and syllabub for the last hundred years. So runs the world away: but we must remonstrate against a remarkably silly habit which characterizes a remarkably silly set of people amongst ourselves. It is that of throwing garlands of artificial flowers on the stage, when those persons feel peculiarly enraptured by the displays of some pet performer. Miss *Adelaide Kemble*, for instance, when she finishes the exploits of the night with a bravura, and the souls of the simpletons are heated to the throwing point, generally has a half a dozen of them—of these flowery projectiles—flung at her from the upper boxes. The fault is not hers if the projectors are fools; but as *Parson Evans* has it, 'I hate all your affectations.' The heroine need not be much pained, it is true by the expense to which this puts her admirers; for as this is the cheapening age of every thing, these paper trophies cannot cost more than a penny a piece, and are certainly not worth more than half the money; but the absurdity of the thing is, that they are intended to express the enthusiasm of the moment, while they are only the proofs of a prepared rapture, being brought in the pockets and petticoats of the devotees, and thus being specimens of the *impromptu a loisir*.

THE TWO GATE-KEEPERS

The Doctor receives us from birth at bed-side,
And forwards us on, towards Death, his pale brother
Thus life is a railway, on which we all glide,
With the Doctor at one end, and Death at the other

From Bentley's Miscellany.

A MALTESE GHOST STORY.

BY RICHARD JOHNS.

'THAT is a singular looking rock, said I to myself, and as I thought by myself, while gazing from the southern coast of Malta towards the little islet of Filfla, which, about four miles distant, uninhabited and seldom visited, rises from the blue waves a solitary, rugged mass of cliff and and table-land; rather less than half a mile in circumference.

'And that is a true saying, signor,' responded a voice behind me in English, but with a strong Maltese accent.

I turned my head on the instant, and saw that I had been followed to the cliff where I had just seated myself, by an aged man,—a meagre, ragged Maltese fisherman.

'You speak English well,' said I: 'you have been in England.'

'I served in a man-of-war for four years, and in an English merchantman just as long; but it was years ago. I could speak better once. English is sooner learnt than Maltese.'

I fancied the old man smiled, for I had addressed him, perversely enough, in one of my best attempts at his own language, and to turn the subject I suddenly asked him whether I could procure a boat in the neighborhood.

'Not nearer than Marsa Scirocco,' he answered, pointing towards that bay, 'and there my son has one.'

'Could he take me to Filfla? I demanded; and not a little astonished was I at the effect my question had upon the old man.

Looking towards the islet rather than at me, a tremor seemed to seize his whole frame, and crossing himself, he exclaimed,

'There are other fishermen at Marsa Scirocco. Holy mother of Heaven! ask not old Cristo, or son of his, to go to Filfla!'

'And why not, Cristo?' I inquired, my curiosity naturally excited.

'It is a long story,' rejoined the fisherman: 'but if the signor is going back to Valetta, and will give a few grains to a poor old man, who can show him the nearest way, I might tell it as he walked,

This was truly characteristic of Malta; a fair half of the population are beggars. I of course promised the required gratuity, and in return heard a genuine Maltese ghost story. I shall often depart from the words of the fisherman; but the reader must take the narrative as I can best tell it after the lapse of many months since it was told me.

'Andrea Casha and Domenico Balzan,' leisurely commenced old Cristo, 'were

neighbors' sons, residing at the entrance of the same *cascal*, loving not the less for living near; though you know neighbors sometimes cease to be neighborly. Their father's cotton, corn and clover fields; their gardens well stocked with orange and fig-trees, and vines, were close to each other; the terrace wall that supported the soil of the one proprietor, in continuation often did the like office for the other. Both the old men were thought equally wealthy for their walk in life, until the elder Balzan dying, it appeared that his property was mortgaged even above its value to his neighbor. He had speculated and met great losses in a mercantile house at Valetta, with which a Maltese farmer should have had nothing to do, and this caused his ruin. When Domenico Balzan had settled his father's affairs, he was obliged to accept the old Casha's offer of a home and employment on the property which he had looked upon as his inheritance, but which now belonged to another. This degradation he at first felt severely, for he was of a proud and restless spirit. He even quarrelled with Andrea, who tried in vain to console him, and he would ultimately have emigrated to Sicily, had not the elder Casha died, and Domenico's too partial friend had it in his power to heap favors upon his odd playfellow, which not only reconciled their differences, but rendered it likely that they would continue companions for life. Balzan was made by Andrea Casha the complete manager of his property, and he even went as far as to execute a will, by which, should he die without issue, Balzan's paternal estate would be restored to him. The young proprietor seemed, indeed, anxious to make any sacrifice rather than lose his friend, who, more than two years his senior, had been to him as a staff from his youth up, until he imagined that he could not go alone. Balzan knew well how to foster this idea, and to render himself essential to his patron. Unscrupulous himself, he would have encouraged any vices in Andrea that might distract his attention from business. Tices Andrea Casha had none, for he was a well principled and amiable young man; but he had a weakness which answered Balzan's purpose as fully. He was so devoted to the *festas* and other pageants of the church, that a great portion of his time, and no small portion of his income was lost in his attendance on, and support of, what Protestants would call religious vanities: not a discharge of fireworks graced the eve of a saint's day in Malta but *went off* with some of his money.

'These dissipations had soon an effect which Balzan never contemplated. Andrea, on several occasions after his return from a *festa*, spoke in most lover-like

terms of a certain Signora Margarita Abela who it would seem was almost as faithful an attendant upon *festas* as himself. She was invariably accompanied by her uncle, an elderly *padre*, with whom Andrea had made an acquaintance, and who evidently encouraged the attentions of the young farmer.

'Domenico,' said Casha one day to his friend, 'I insist upon your going with me to the *festa* of St. Gregory. I am to carry the standard of our *casal*: Margarita will be at Zeitun, and bravely will I wave it in her honor.'

'Now the feast of St. Gregory at the *casal* or village of Qeitun is the most remarkable of all the country *festas*. Then and there the laymen of each of the *casals* in Malta, who subscribe to the support and watch over the interests of their principal churches, march in procession to the church of St. Gregory at Zeitun, from a village called 'Casal Nuovo,' where all these '*fratelli*' previously meet. They wear distinctive uniforms, and a standard is borne before each party, the bearing of which is an honor sold to the highest bidder. The rustic lovers of Malta are anxious to secure this prize, as it is considered a most winning compliment to lustily wave the standard on the approach of a chosen fair one, and as their staves are very heavy—many of them plated with silver—it is no small proof of manhood. Balzan seldom went to *festas*, but he had a particular reason for going to Zeitun now that he heard Andrea speak of Margarita's intention of being there on the morrow. He wished to see the maiden who had won his patron's heart, though with no kindly feeling, as he was jealous of one who might be the wife of Casha, and perhaps the mother of children, who would interfere with his heirship to the lost estate.

'Suffering himself to be persuaded with difficulty, that he might the better please his friend by consenting, he agreed to attend the *festa*, and accordingly, at day-break the two young men joined the procession to the church of St. Gregory. On their way, Andrean pointed out the approach of a very pretty brunette, whose dark eyes sparkled at the sight of the standard; up it went to the full length of the exulting lover's arms, and bravely did he wave it. Great was the crowd in the old church of St. Gregory, and of course there was a goodly gathering of the clergy. Priests and people shouted aloud '*Miser cordia!*' not the less loudly that they knew not why. The origin of the *festa*, and the *rationale* of its ceremonies, are involved in the obscurities of ages. Mass was sung and said, and the last strain of the music had died away, and all this was before ten o'clock in the morning. Many were the carts, rude vehicles formed of rough bat-

tens on a level with the shafts, which now rattled away with merry parties of country people, their best mattresses spread beneath them. These were industrious folks who, having been into the church for edification, and to the stalls outside for sweetmeats, considered the duties of the *festa* over, and that they might return to their labors with a clear conscience; but the greater portion of the assembly were differently disposed.

'Every house in Zeitun appeared crowded with visitors, and the whole country around was covered by knots of gaily dressed persons; the reason of these little gatherings accounted for the baskets in the midst of each party, and one among the many pic-nics, belongs unto our story. Here were Domenico and Andrea, with the pretty Margarita seated between them, on the one side of a very white cloth, spread with very eatable viands, while on the opposite side sat the *padre* uncle, supported by two staid dames, the one ancient widow, with whom Margarita had lived since the death of her parents, and the other no less important a person than the go-between, who according to the custom of this country, had been employed by Andrea to negotiate his marriage with the object of his affections. Balzan was not a little mortified to find that matters had gone so far; but he wondered not that Margarita was beloved by his friend, for ere he quitted her presence a passion, fierce and uncontrollable, except that he was able to conceal it, had taken possession of his soul. Yes! he hid the secret in his own dark thoughts, and smiled upon the lovers. What chance of rivalry had a penniless with a wealthy man, and what interest could he hope to excite in the breast of Margarita Abela, who that day had become the betrothed of Andrea Casha? Soon after the *festa* of St. Gregory, the young farmer began to put his house in order for the reception of his bride, Balzan appearing to share in his patron's happiness, and fully to enter in to all his arrangements: and ere a month had sped, the marriage-day was fixed.

'Margarita would not be a portionless bride; she was, for Malta, a rich heiress, as she would bring her husband a fortune of ten thousand scudi—£834. Altogether the wedding was likely to make a great sensation in the neighboring *casals*, and many were the preparations for the feast in honor of the occasion, which was to be spread in the house once belonging to the Balzans. Here Padre Giovanni, and Signora Fenech—the widow who was as a mother to the bride—had, with their mutual charge, taken up a temporary abode.

'The day after to-morrow, and you will be mine, Margarita!' sighed forth the ardent Casha as he took an early leave of

his mistress on the eve of that envious intervening morrow, a day which was to be spent by the bride elect and Signora Fenech at Valetta in making the last wedding purchases.

'In spite of his having thus comforted himself with the proud expectation of coming happiness, Andrea that evening on his return home felt himself much depressed in spirits—He knew not why. Balzan rallied him upon his unaccountable gloom.

'What makes you look so melancholy?' he asked his friend; surely you ought to be the happiest man in Malta. Then, what a wedding yours will be. I have just been looking over the bill of fare for the feast; the servants say they have, or expect to have, everything that can be desired. No, by the by,—here he paused a moment—they have been asking me to procure them some fresh rabbits:—Do you remember when we were boys, the night we spent at Filfla, and the number we shot? I met two fishermen laden with shell fish going to the other house just now, and I have half engaged them to let me try my fortune to-night. The moon will be up in less than an hour.'

'I do not know that I can better spend the night than by going with you,' answered Andrea.

'Agreed, then: so let it be,' rejoined Balzan.

'Guns were always at hand, for they were both sportsmen; and after seeking the fishermen, they repaired to the shore, and embarked for Filfla, which is hardly four miles from that part of the coast. The fisherman after landing the two friends, stood off about a mile from the island, for the purpose of fishing, having received directions to return for the sportsmen at the going down of the moon. When they did return they could not find their employers and one of the men consequently, proceeded to the top of the island in search of them. They were still missing. Hoping that he had by some chance passed them on his way up, the man returned to the shore. His comrade had seen nothing of them: and after waiting an hour longer, it was agreed by the two fishermen that the best way of finding their passengers would be to coast the island all around as near the shore as possible. They had but half fulfilled their task, when, having arrived off the most precipitous part of the cliffs, they imagined that in the shadow of an overhanging crag they saw one, if not two of the parties they sought: and now for the first time, it occurred to them that some accident must have happened, as whatever it might be of the human form which they descried on the shore, it was still as death.

'Pulling for the nearest point at which they could land, the fishermen soon reached

the spot, where the first glance they took the luckless fate of both their passengers appeared revealed to them. The bodies of the young men were cast one on the other and the blood and brains staining the rock on which this wreck of humanity lay motionless, told too plainly that it was caused by a fall over the precipice above. Motionless, did I say?—no! The fishermen as they approached the bodies, saw an arm raised, a hand drawn, as though painfully across the brow of him whose face was partially upturned to the sky. They lifted him away from his companion, on whom his head had reposed—they threw water on his face;—they perceived that their cares were attended with success: he heaved a deep sigh, and opened his eyes.

'Where am I?' he exclaimed—'Ah!'

He looked at the terrible sight before him, and falling back in the arms of the fishermen, appeared to relapse into insensibility. It was Balzan—and Andrea Casha he who would have been a bridegroom on the morrow, was now but a bleeding, shattered corse! After a while Balzan—who was perfectly unhurt, relieved by shedding a torrent of tears, seemed to recover his presence of mind. He assisted the fishermen in removing the body of his friend to the boat, and answering their questions freely, told them all that was ever known of the catastrophe he yet wept over as he spoke. It would seem that the sportsmen had met with indifferent luck, at which Andrea was very much provoked. Just as the moon was sinking they had, while lying *perdue* behind two piles of stones, at a little distance from each other, communicated their mutual inclination to be off after the next shot.

'Ah!' said Balzan, 'that next shot! A large rabbit burst from a borough before my unhappy friend: he fired and only wounded it. I brought my gun to my shoulder: fortunately to what remains to me of happiness, I did not fire. Signor Casha had dashed after the wounded creature, and must have received my full charge. The result, however, was equally fatal. The rabbit tumbled over and over, and then bounded on. Casha pursued. At the very verge of the cliff he aimed a blow as it darted into a burrow with the butt of his piece, and missing his aim, I saw him topple—disappear over the precipice. My feelings I need not describe. How I got below I know not. It might have been by the usual path, and so round to the place where he fell, or most likely I rushed down a quicker, a desperate way that I heeded not—I found him—Nothing more do I know until you discovered us both.'

'Such was the story which Balzan told to the fishermen, and with little variation, to the Padre Giovanni, immediately he reach-

ed the shore.' 'Such was the story that met the ear of Margarita, who for a while was inconsolable.

'Andrea Casha had no near relations: those who inherited the greater part of his property were very poor people, distantly allied to him. No one doubted that Casha had come fairly by his death; no one grudged that Balzan should take possession of his father's property which he of course did, by the will of his deceased patron. Nothing could be more edifying than the grief of Balzan for the loss of his friend; and as though from sheer affection for the memory of the departed, he was a frequent visiter to the house of Signora Fenech, showed the most respectful attentions to poor Margarita, and made Padre Giovanni some very acceptable presents. The result may be anticipated—Margarita became the wife of Balzan; and now never did man appear to change so completely in character. From being steady and attentive to his property, he left it entirely to the care of his labourers. Like Andrea Casha in former days he might be found at every *festa*, at every mery-making, religious or otherwise. Margarita generally accompanied him, and report said that they were a happy couple.

'I must now tell you, Signor, what I did not mention before—(here let me endeavor to take up the words of the old fisherman,)—I was one of the men in the boat that landed the two friends at Filfla. I just this moment remarked that no one believed but what Andrea Casha came to his death fairly. I should have said no one but myself. Still who was I?—a poor old fisherman!—so, after sounding my comrade, and finding that he too thought all was right, I wisely held my tongue.

'I had lost sight of Signor Balzan for a long time, and I had given up fishing pretty much: for I had been hired to assist in a boat that carried fish to Valetta from Marsa Scirocco, and such ware as may be wanted, back. Sometimes too, we took a party of pleasure to Scirocco from Valetta, and this was my employment on the last day I saw Signor Balzan. I always thought that when we had met, which was seldom, he seemed to shun me; and this day another gentleman who was with his wife and himself, having hired me, he objected to the boat, and indeed did all he could to be off the bargain. I heard him say that he had been tricked into going part of the way home by water: and I believe it was only his wife's remarking in jest that she thought he was afraid of the sea, which made him consent. Now the next thing was to find my comrade who worked with me in the boat. The gentleman got impatient at his not coming. Signor Balzan swore horribly that, if he must go by water, he would show them that not

only was he fearless of a boat, but that he could manage one, and telling me in a passion—just as if I had done him any harm! to get ready for shoving off, he handed his wife in, and with the other gentleman, away he went. I took the rudder, without seeming to notice the Signor's rage: you may be sure I did not claim his acquaintance, but behaved to him like a stranger.

'It was a very fine evening when we started. The pretty, gaily dressed Signora Balzan laughed and talked, and the gentlemen trimmed the sails, and talked to her—Signor Balzan appearing to have recovered his temper. I have seen many a *gregale* (north east wind,) but the one that was then coming the Holy Mother of Heaven must have sent on purpose. The breeze freshened and freshened again, till we were well off Marsa Scirocco point: for we had not hugged the coast: still nothing was thought of it. But then—blessed St. Paolo—there came such a blast! The sails were old, the mainsail split into ribbons: for Signor Balzan, who should have let go the sheet, was standing up in the boat as though he had changed them into stone: his eyes were fixed on Filfla Island. The other gentleman was useless: he knew nothing at all about a boat. The poor Signora screamed and well she might; for leaving Marsa Scirocco on our star-board quarter, we were running before the wind in a *gregale*, with more easting in it than common, for Filfla. Night came on, the moon had risen, but was obscured—I only saw one star, and this looked redly out from the sky above the island towards which we were hurrying: for the boat was now quite unmanageable. Perhaps I did not do my best to manage her: I, too, had my eyes fixed on Filfla: I felt impressed that we must near the island, I knew not why. If I had a thought beyond, at that moment, it was that by making a long stretch we might afterwards fetch under the land, and possibly reach a small bay on the western coast; or when the *gregale* had expended its fury, we might beat back to Marsa Scirocco.

'Poor Signora Balzan seeing her husband stand appalled, his eyes glaring towards the fearful isle, the sight of which she turned from shuddering, clung to him, and hid her face in his bosom; but he heeded her not. Just then—oh! night of horror! we were nearing the very cliff beneath which I had found the dead—ay! the murdered man. It seemed to me that I was obliged to run close to it, and that I had no power over the helm. Then came a lull as though the blast had done its worst. I heard a cry—a yell from Balzan: he had thrown his wife to the deck—his arms were extended—he pointed to the

crags above. I looked—I could not have been mistaken—there was a human form leaning over the precipice—it fell! The gentleman who was with us called out, 'It is a fall of the cliff.' A fall of the cliff certainly followed on the instant—down it came with a sullen noise like distant thunder.

'Mercy! mercy!' exclaimed Balzan—'I come! I come.'

'The waters had hardly dashed over the fall of rock when the murderer dashed headlong from the boat, and sank amid the waves. That night we succeeded in beating back to Scirocco. The Signora Balzan never spoke from the moment she beheld her husband's awful suicide: every sense seemed paralyzed. The gentleman who had done little as yet but cross himself, was now of some service when we got on shore. He had a friend near at hand who owned a *calesse*, and in this the poor Signora was conveyed to her solitary home. She is now, I believe in a Sicilian convent.

'Can you wonder Signor,' continued the old fisherman, 'that I like not to visit Filfla? Did I know that a boat load of fish might be had for the fetching from beneath those unlucky cliffs, I would not go there, though I am very poor: and whatever the Signor gives me will be a charity to one who often wants bread.'

So ended, as it commenced, in an appeal to my compassion, the Maltese Ghost-Story.

From Frazer's Magazine.

JACQUES COCAST:

THE HUNCHBACK PHILOSOPHER.

'THANK God for my hunch!' cried Jacques Cocast, then eleven years old, escaped from the pitying hands of Martin Fleau the miller, who casting a compassionate glance at Cocast's unseemly load, exclaimed,

'Well, the saints have burthened thee enough—go, I wouldn't beat a hunchback.'

'Thank God for my hunch!' were the grateful words of the apple-stealing Jacques, and he followed his lighter heeled companions, who, on the first alarm, had scampered safely off from the miller's orchard, leaving their deformed co-mate to the vengeance of the despoiled. The miller, as we have shown, was merciful, and Jacques Cocast, the hunchback, went his way unbruised.

Jacques Cocast grew up, the living plaything of the boys of the village. He was their drudge, their jest, their scapegoat. His good humor turned bitterness itself to merriment, and at times the tears starting to his eyes, he would laugh them down,

and without knowing it, play the practical philosopher.

'Out, ye imp of deformity!' cried Cocast's stepmother at least once a day; whereupon Jacques to the increasing ire of his father's wife, would meekly cry,

'Thank God for my hunch!'

Left to himself, now spurned, and now at least endured by his growing companions Jacques Cocast made a friend of his book, and found the exceeding reward of such friendship. He could read, write, and cypher to the shame of many of his seniors. Jacques Cocast's father took sudden pride in his own misshapen flesh, and Cocast's wife stormed at her stepson with increasing vigor.

The notary wanted a clerk. All eyes were turned upon Jacques as the very lad for the office. The notary himself condescended to canvass the pretensions of Jacques to the dignity. Already Jacques felt himself installed, when a slim, fair-haired, pink complexioned youth was preferred to Cocast, the notary's wife having pithily informed her obedient husband, that his house should be no dwelling place for a hunchback.

Jacques Cocast, sighed as he turned from the notary's door, and his heart beat heavily as he crawled to his paternal home. In two or three days, however, the hunchback smiled and laughed as before, and the clerkship was forgotten in sweet commings with his book.

Some four years passed on—when oh, shame to the notary's wife—shame to the fair-haired youth—the faithless woman fled from the bosom of her husband, taking with her her husband's clerk. Great was the consternation throughout the village—loud and deep the revilings of every honest spouse. Jacques Cocast joined in no abuse but with a fine charity for the inexperience of youth, with even a tenderness towards the sin of the unfaithful wife, and considering within himself the subtle powers of the tempter, he felt grateful for his escape, and breathed his gratitude in his wonted syllables,

'Thank God for my hunch!'

Jacques Cocast was now a painstaking, philosophic tailor; and from no higher elevation than his shop-board, could look down on many of the vanities of human life. He was now twenty, and increasing years had only served to mellow his rich heart and make him feel a lessening load upon his shoulders. Jacques would make one at all village holidays, led thereto by his own light heartedness, and of late, furthermore urged to each festival by the blue eyes of Felicite, the baker's daughter.

Luckless Jacques Cocast! Fly the sweet perdition! You know not the falsehood of those azure lights—the venom of that pouting, pulpy lip; Felicite laughs with a

witche's laugh at the love of the hunchback—whilst he, poor innocent—exalted, sublimated by his passion, lives in an atmosphere of balm and sun—vaults like a grasshopper about the earth and gives his heart and soul to the tyranny that rejoices him. Jacques Cocast knew not vanity. He would clothe himself in the humblest weed, and then think that the best wardrobe which drew to itself the least notice. Now was it otherwise. The eyes of Felicite had smiled upon the tailor and Jacques Cocast should henceforth be the best and the most critical customer to Jacques Cocast. If Felicite had looked with favor on his body, he would take the hitherto despised article under his future care, and habit it worthy of her who had elected it as her own. As for his hump, that was gone, yea, vanished, melted in the sunlight of Felicite's eyes. With these rejoicing thoughts Jacques Cocast would array himself finely as the finest caterpillar: his vestments now barred, and spotted, and burnished with a hundred hues. And as he basked in the smiles of Felicite, the baker's wicked daughter would laugh in her hollow heart, and the folks of the village would confidentially clap their fingers to their noses, and wink towards the tailor.

For a month or more was Jacques Cocast the blissful Adam of this fool's paradise. For a full month did he breathe Elysium. At length the eyes of Jacques Cocast were opened and he saw his forlornness. It was the day of a *ducasse*. In the pride of his heart, and in all the glory of his trade, did the hunchback array himself to dance with Felicite, the baker's daughter. She had of late been so loving, so complying, so tender. The next dance may be at their wedding. At all events, how they would dance on the coming Sunday. He the hunchback, buoyed by his own loving heart, would foot it so lightly, that not a blade of grass should bend beneath him—not a dew-drop be scattered by his mercurial toe.

The dancers are assembled. The fiddlers sound. Jacques Cocast, in all the glories of a new suit, burning like a peacock in a conflict of colours, and in the triumph of a gladdened soul, advances to lead out Felicite the baker's daughter. Already he has his hand upon her hand, when a gigantic thumb and finger with vicelike power gripes the nose of Jacques Cocast and whirls him from his partner. A laugh that drowns the fiddles burst upon the merrymakers. Jacques Cocast with lightning in his eyes, and all the blood in his body rushing to his nose, looks for his assailant.

Hercule Grossetete, a rival of six feet, French measure, with fierce eyes, and parrot nose, glaring and protruding from between raven whiskers, with arms a-kimbo,

stands before the tailor. Nevertheless the soul of Jacques Cocast is mighty, and he is meditating how he may best spring upon the giant, and tear his iron heart from his body, when—oh, ye daughters of Eve! oh, ye rosy wickedness, ye honied poisons! Felicite, the baker's daughter advanced to Hercule, and curtsying, and putting her hand in his—yet warm from the outraged nose of her doating lover, signified that she was ready to dance, that she had looked with eyes of favor on the punishment of the tailor. Then sank the heart of Jacques Cocast. He quitted the scene of his past agony of despair and wandered a very unatic.

Foolish Jacques Cocast! Who would pity the despair of a hunchback? Who compassionate a love-broken heart, if accompanied by over-laden shoulders? What is a beautiful sentiment with a straight backed, comely man, is a thing for a jest, an excellent joke with a hunchback. And so, Jacques Cocast, go home. Sleep not in the fields at night. Lie not under the window of the baker's daughter, and waste not away until, as you complain your head has grown too little for your hat—but up man, and to your comfortable abode. Shave yourself, change your linen, leap upon your shop board, thread your needle, heat your goose, and defy love. A friendly Genius whispered some such advice to Jacques Cocast, for ere a month had passed, the tailor had once more taken to his sober attire, was seated smiling at his work and if a thought of the cruel baker's daughter would sometimes intrude, he would banish the unwelcome guest by the very vehemence of stitching.

Months passed away, and the time of drawing for the conscription arrived. Mothers looked anxious—plighted maidens would sigh frequently and look with tender gaze upon their future husband—the young men would laugh, laugh louder than was their wont to hush the secret care that preyed upon them. But what was the conscription, with the banishment, the danger, the wounds and death combined in the word, to Jacques Cocast? He was a hunchback. His shoulders were exempt by nature from a knapsack. He was not a comely morsel for glory: he was not worthy of the powder and shot bestowed upon prettier men. No, he was secure in his deformity: his heart started not at the muttering of the beaten sheepskin. Hence Jacques Cocast, without one throb, save for the fate of some old acquaintance, might linger about the town hall of the arrondissement, and learn the fortune of his fellow villagers.

The day of drawing came. There was the shriek of triumph as one sprang into his mother's arms, as his sister clung about his neck—as his plighted wife, and now

their wedding day is certain—there were bursts of joy and tears of happiness as the exempt sprang among the crowd; and there were cries of despair, and sobbings as among breaking hearts as the new conscripts told the fate that tore them from their homes.

'Thank God for my hunch!' cried Jacques Cocast, twenty times as he saw the wretchedness of the conscript soldier.

Among those drawn to wear future laurels was Hercule Grossetete. He looked savage as a snubbed ogre: and the baker's beautiful daughter hung on his arm, and was crying her heart out, and vowing between her sobs, that for the sake of her dear Hercule, she would try to live and die a maid; and Hercule with his fancy listening to the whistling bullets, smiled vacantly on the magnanimity of Felicite, and bade Heaven help her in all her trials.

And did the heart of Jacques Cocast rejoice at this? By no means—he felt no triumph at the calamity of Grossetete—no pleasure at the grief of his fair, false baker's daughter: but with a gush of gratitude he exclaimed,

'Thank God for my hunch!'

Hercules Grossetete went to the wars. Fortune who had heaped such obloquy upon the shoulders of Cocast, had fitted Grossetete for the dignity of a grenadier. He quitted the village, left the baker's daughter, and was soon marching, and perhaps, day-dreaming of his pilgrimage and epaulettes. We know not what struggles Felicite endured to keep her pledge to Hercule; they must have been severe and manifold; for it was at least six months after the departure of her grenadier that she wedded the son of the village grocer, the grocer father opportunely dying and leaving his stock and business to his only son. All the world, that is all the village—believed in the conjugal bliss of the grocer and his wife. Pierre Chandelles was so meek, so gentle a soul, any woman must be happy with him.

Again Felicite was always the sweetest tempered girl; there had been curious tales of her sudden passion, but such tales had been trumped up by the ugliest girls of the village.

Three months had passed since Pierre and Felicite were one: and Jacques Cocast—for in the magnanimity of his soul he did not withdraw his custom from Pierre on account of his wife; besides Pierre's was the only shop in the village—modestly tapped a sou on Pierre's counter, it being the intention of the tailor to dispense that coin for bees-wax. Suddenly there was a noise within; Jacques recognized the voice of Felicite, albeit he had never before heard it at so high a pitch. Another minute and Pierre rushes into the shop, followed by his wife, who, heedless of the wants of a cus-

tommer, heedless of the cries of her husband demolished an earthen pipkin unluckily in her hand, upon her lord and sovereign's head. No sheep ever bled with more meekness than did Pierre Chandilles the grocer.

'What did you want?' asked Pierre with still a vigilant eye to business.

'I'll call again when your wounds are dressed,' said Jacques Cocast; in the mean time, thank God for my hunch!

Years went on and Jacques Cocast gathered about him the small comforts of the world, and keeping the spirit of his youth, was blithe as a bird.

One autumn evening, wandering a mile or two on the road from the village, and thinking he knew not upon what, Jacques Cocast was suddenly startled in his reflections by a loud voice. 'For the love of the saints, if you have it, give me a pinch of snuff.'

The prayer proceeded from a poor blind soldier, seated on a tree felled near the roadside.

'With all my heart,' cried Cocast. 'Here, empty my box.'

'Alas, good sir!' said the soldier, 'look at me again.'

Cocast looked and saw that he had lost both his arms.

'You must, indeed, *give* me the snuff,' said the soldier.

'With all my heart, I say again,' cried Cocast, and with the most delicate care he supplied the nostrils of the mutilated veteran. 'Good Heavens!' suddenly exclaimed Cocast, 'why you are Hercule Grossetete.'

'I am,' answered the soldier. 'And what have you to say to that?'

'What!' Jacques Cocast looking at the eyeless, armless victim of glory, could only say,

'Thank God for my hunch!'

Almost all men have a hunch of some kind. Let them, with Jacques Cocast, thank God for it.

From Ainsworth's Magazine.

TIM HOGAN'S GHOST.

BY J. S. COYNE.

'WHAT in the world can keep Dermott away from me so long? 'Tis four days since I laid eyes upon the scapegrace. I wonder what mischief he's after now. Fighting or coorting somewhere, I'll be bound. After all, though he's a quare devil, rollicking and taring through the country like a wild coult, he has a true and loyal heart to me. Isn't there Peggy Reiley would give her new yallow gown for one kind look from his two black eyes; but though she has a couple of pigs, and twenty guineas fortune, she can't coax him

from his own poor Norah, that dotes down on the very ground he walks on."

Thus soliloquised Norah Conolly, the prettiest belle in the village of Ardrossan. Her spinning wheel had for several minutes ceased to perform its revolutions, so deeply was she engrossed by her meditations. The object of her solicitude was a young fellow, who by the proper use of a well shaped leg, a pair of merry black eyes and a tongue mellifluous with brogue and blarney, had 'played the puck' with half the girl's hearts in the barony.

Dermott O'Rourke, or to give him his more popular name, 'Dermott the Rattler,' was the handiest boy at a double jig, or a faction fight, within twenty miles of where he stood. So notorious had he become for his wild pranks, that every act of mischief or frolic that occurred in the parish was laid at his door. Yet, with all this, Dermott's love for Norah Connolly sprang up green and beautiful, amidst the errors of an ardent and reckless disposition.

'There's no use fretting,' continued Norah, after a long silence, 'The blessed mother will, I know, watch over and restore my dear Dermott to me.'

'To be sure she will, *ma callien bawn*: and here I am safe and sound, come back to you like a pet pigeon,' cried a well known voice and at the same time a smacking kiss announced the return of the truant.

'Why, then, Dermott,' cried the blushing Norah, 'have done now, will you? Sit down and tell me where you have been phillandering this week past.'

Dermott twirled his stick, looked puzzled and irresolute, and made no reply.

'Ah!' cried Norah, 'you have been about some mischief, I know. Tell me Dermott what has happened?'

'Why, then, a mighty quare accident has happened to me, sure enough. I listened for a sojer at the fair,' replied the Rattler.

'Listed for a soldier, Dermott!' cried Norah, growing deadly pale.

'The devil a doubt of it, Noreen, answered Dermott. 'A civil spoken gentleman, on Sargent Flint by name, slipped a shilling into my hand, stuck a cockade in my hat, and tould me that he'd make me a brigadier or a grenadier, I dont well remember which.'

'Oh! Dermott, dear, is it going to lave me you are, when you know 'twill break my heart?' And the poor girl burst into tears, and threw herself into her lover's arms.

'Whisht, whisht, Noreen *asthore*! I'll never lave you—I have resigned, I threw up my grenadier's commission, and quitted the army for your sake. I'm detarmined never to go to heaven with a red coat upon my back.'

'But if you are listed, Dermott—if you took the shilling—'

'Pooh! never mind—that's nothing,' he replied quickly. 'I'm above such mane considerations. Make your mind asy on that subject. But in the mane time, I'd as leave keep out of the way of that civil spoken sergeant, by rason of the shilling which I forgot to return to him, in my hurry coming away.'

The fact was that a recruiting sergeant had fallen in with Dermott at the fair, and taking a fancy to his light active figure, had endeavored to persuade him that fourpence a day, with the privilege of being shot at in a red coat, was the summit of human glory. Our hero, whose heart was softened by the spirit of the mountain dew, listened to the sergeant's romances of woman, war and wine, with a greedy ear; and when the old crimp, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, whispered to him 'List, list, oh list;' Dermott's palm closed upon the shilling that purchased his liberty for life, and throwing his *caubeen* into the air, he fancied himself already a victorious general, with a grove of laurel encompassing his brows. The party then repaired to the inn where a gallon of hot punch was instantaneously ordered to celebrate the introduction of the new recruit to the—th regiment of foot. Several loyal toasts were proposed by the sergeant, to which Dermott did so much honor, that he soon became oblivious of every thing around him.

Consigned by his comrades to bed, our new hero dreamed a troubled dream 'of guns and drums, and wounds,' until the first beams of a summer shining through a curtainless window full upon his face recalled him to a state of conciousness. Starting up, he rubbed his eyes, and gazed around him in indescribable amazement. One of the soldiers, who as well as himself had taken his share of the drink, was reposing in his full uniform upon a pallet beside him, with his mouth expanded in a peculiarly favorable manner for catching flies. The gaudy cocade which was fastened in his hat, together with some faint recollection of the events of the preceding night, produced in the Rattler some very uncomfortable sensations; and finding that his military enthusiasm had considerably abated, he resolved to make a hasty retreat, without any unnecessary ceremony. For this purpose he arose softly, and tried to open the door, but discovered, to his mortification, that it was fastened on the outside. He next examined the window, and finding that it was only a single story from the ground, quietly opened it, and dropped from it on the roof of a friendly pig-sty beneath, leaving his friend the sergeant to catch him again when he could.

Norah being assured by Dermott that there was no chance of being pursued to

Androssan by the soldiers, brightened up, and laughed heartily at her lover's adventure.

'Well,' said she, 'that's the finest story I ever heard. What a pucker the sojers must have been in when they found you had given them the slip. Ah! Dermott, Dermott, I'm afeared you'll be always the same wild—'

'*Bathershin!*' exclaimed the Rattler, interrupting her, 'never mind that. Do you know that this is the evening the cake is to be danced for up at Moll Doran's of the Hill, between the boys and girls of Ardrossan and Kilduff?'

'I heard them say so,' answered Norah.

'Well,' replied Dermott, 'I mean to have a fling there, and you shall be my partner. There will be lashins of company there, and the grandest diversion ever was seen. So come along—put on your bonnet and things—come along.'

Norah, who was easily persuaded to appear at the rustic festival, was not long in completing her simple toilette; and with a light grey cloak flung over her graceful figure, and a smart straw bonnet tied under her chin by a pale blue ribband, which contrasted charmingly with her fair neck and fresh complexion, set out, under the protection of her lover, for the village dance.

At the intersection of two remote and rarely frequented roads stood the principal hostelry of the village of Ardrossan, kept by the widow Doran, who announced to all travellers, by means of a sign board painted black, in large white letters, that she supplied 'ENTERTAINMENT FOR MAN AND HORS,' with GOOD DRY LODGINGS' to boot.

Adjoining to Mrs. Doran's Hotel, a natural enclosure, presenting a favorable level of about two acres in extent, was the chosen spot where the candidates for dancing fame assembled annually to contend for the cake, which like the golden apple of old, was often the cause of feuds and heartburnings, amongst the fair ones of Kilduff and Ardrossan.

At the further end of this plain, a primitive-looking tent was erected, where a plentiful supply of Potteen was provided for the spiritually disposed. In front of the tent a churn-dash was fixed, with the handle thrust into the earth, and on the head, or flat end, the prize-cake was placed in full sight of the competitors. A tall gaunt-looking man, in a rusty wig, and a coat which might once have been termed black, was standing in the midst of a group of attentive auditors, whom he was addressing in a solemn harangue, but with a countenance so full of dry humor, that the effect was irresistibly comic. This was

Matt Fogarty, the village schoolmaster, not only venerated as the oracle of wisdom and learning, but also regarded as the unerring arbiter in all matters of etiquette and ceremony by the entire parish.

'And now, boys and girls,' said he, elevating his voice, 'as surveyor and directhor of this fantastic and jocular meeting, I direct the demonstrations to begin. You all know the rules. The best couple of dancers win the cake. So take to your partners, and commence your flagitious re-crayations.'

A loud hurrah followed this pithy address, the fiddles began to squeak, and the bagpipes to scream in the agonies of being turned; and Barney Driscoll, a young and good-looking fellow, who divided the attention of the girls with Dermott the Rattler, stepped with a confident air into the circle, leading by the hand Peggy Flynn, the belle of the rival parish of Kilduff. A loud cheer from Barney's friends greeted his appearance; but before it had subsided, Dermott O'Rourke and Norah Conolly stood beside their competitors, and were hailed by a still more deafening cheer. The schoolmaster, seeing that both parties were prepared, thus addressed the musicians, who were elevated on a temporary dais of turf:—

'Now, ye vagabone sons of Orpheus, begin. Mike, your sowl, rosin your bow:—Terence, you divil, inflate your musical appendages, and strike up something lively.'

Accordingly the musical pair struck up with an energy that, in the opinion of the hearers, more than counterbalanced any little discord observable in the harmony. The two couple of dancers, fired by a spirit of emulation, exerted themselves to the utmost; and as the mirth and music waxed louder and louder, the spectators, carried by the enthusiasm of the moment, encouraged their respective friends by applauding shouts and vociferous support, until at length, after a severe contest, Peggy Flynn was compelled from exhaustion to give in, leaving Dermott and Norah undisputed victors of the field. A lofty caper, and a hearty smack on his partner's lips, testified the delight of the Rattler, who knocking the cake from the churn-dash, carried it in triumph to Norah.

Matt Fogarty now advanced and waving his hand to procure a hearing, again addressed the assemblage.

'Neighbors all—I announce and promulgate that the cake has been fairly won and achieved by Norah Conolly, *vi et armis*,—that means by force of legs and arms. So now boys, give one cheer for our purty little Noreen, and then hands round for a fling of a dance altogether.'

The words were hardly spoken when a hearty hurrah rent the air, a circle was

formed, and every person who could shake a leg joined in a merry dance round the successful pair.

In the full tide of their mirth, a small military party was observed on the brow of the hill, approaching the village at a smart pace.

'The sojers are coming,' cried an old woman, the first who had perceived them.

In an instant the hands that were grasped together in friendly union became unlocked, the joyous circle was broken, and the shouts of laughter which rang so cheerily amongst the hills died into solemn silence. Looks of suspicion and alarm were exchanged between the men, who conversed in whispers together; while the unmarried girls by their sparkling eyes showed the pleasure they felt at the sight of the soldiers.'

Norah, who participated in this feminine predilection for a bit of scarlet, clapped her hands in ecstasy.

'Come, Dermott,' cried she, half dragging her reluctant partner towards the road, 'come and see the sojers. There—look at them marching down the hill, their swords sparkling in the sun. Make haste or you'll lose the sight.'

A single glance was sufficient to convince Dermott that the party belonged to the regiment which he had so unceremoniously quitted, and worse still, that his quondam friend, Sergeant Flint, was amongst them. Having no desire to renew his acquaintance with that facetious gentlemen, he plucked Norah hastily back, and whispering in her ear, said,

'By the piper o' war, I'm sowld Norah! There's that thief or a sergeant that listed me amongst the sojers. As sure as the Pope's a gentlemen, 'tis hunting afther me they are. What in the world am I to do now?'

'Oh! Dermott, dear, run for your life afore he sees you. What a misfortinet girl I was to bring you into this trouble,' replied the now terrified girl.

'Never mind, Norah, darling; I'll get out of his way as fast as I can,' cried Dermott.

'But if you go home they'll be sure to find you,' said she.

'Divil a doubt of that,' replied the Rattler. 'I'm to cute a fox to be caught that way. Is there not a wake down at Ned Hagarty's?'

'Sure there is,' answered Norah. 'Tim Hogan the ould piper, died last night, and they're waking him in Ned Hagarty's barn.'

'Devil a better!' cried Dermott, snapping his fingers. 'I'll go down to poor Tim's wake. they'll never think of sarching for me there to night; and I'll be off to my cousin Tom's in the mountain at cock shout in the morning.'

This plan appearing the most feasible

he could hit on for avoiding his military friends, Dermott accompanied by his sweetheart, slipped quietly out of the crowd, and hurried down a bye-path through the fields to the barn, where the remains of the defunct piper were laid out.

Meanwhile the officer in command of the little party, having seen his men disposed as comfortably as the limited accommodations of the village would allow, took up his own quarters in the Widow Doran's hotel, where being ushered into a small earthen-floored, whitewashed room, he threw himself into a chair, inwardly cursed the irksome duty that had devolved upon him—which was, in fact, the very unromantic and harassing one of affording assistance to the excise officers, in an extensive 'still hunt,' through the mountains in the neighborhood. His meditations were however shortly interrupted by the entrance of the landlady.

'Mrs. What's-your-name,' said the young soldier, 'I—a—suppose there's no kind of amusement to be found in this infernally stupid place?'

'Amusement!' cried the widow bridling up. 'Androssan beats the whole world for it. 'Tis a thousand pities yer honor wasn't here yesterday; we had a bit of the finest divarsion you ever seen.'

'Indeed! pray what was it?'

'Why, the boys cotch a bailiff, and gave him a steeple chase, sir,' replied Mrs. Doran.

'Gave him a steeple chase? I don't understand you.'

'I'll insense your honor then. You see sir, a parcel of the boys cotch one of them vagabone bailiffs trying to sarve a writ upon the masther at the House below. They said it was about some old account he owed a tailor in Dublin, and that they wanted to make him pay it, which yer honor knows, is contrary to all sinse and rason, any way. Some of the tinants was for cutting off the bailiff's ears, and sending him in a letter to the sheriff—more of them wor for ducking him in a mill-pond; but others were for giving him a steeple chase across the country first. Well, they all agreed to that, and they started him from the gable end of Shawn Ruagh's turf-rick, with his coat turned inside out; the boys giving him a good piece odds, to make the more fun for themselves: for it was settled that if the bailiff could beat them as far as the ould church of Kilduff, he was to be let off free; but if he was caught afore getting there he should lose his ears; which of coorse he wished to keep if he could. Well, as I was saying, away they all started like greyhounds after the bailiff and maybe he didn't run like mad, jumping over hedges and drains almost as smart as the best of them. Hows'ever there was a little fellow among the boys—one Phi,

Donelly, a weaver; and though the crather had legs like a spider, he ran better than any of the others. 'Twould have made yer honor laugh to see them splashing through the ditches like a fairy, till bedad! at last he came up with the bailiff near Tom Delany's haggart, where an ould ancient goose and gander, with a dozen young ones, wor divarting themselves in the sun. Well, the weaver grips the bailiff by the neck as bould as brass, but though Phil had a powerful sperrit, he wasn't a match in strength for the bailiff, who cotch him saving yer honor's presence by the wistband of the breeches, and pitched him like a kitten over the haggart wall into the middle of the goslins. The ould gander, of coorse, wasn't a bit too well pleased at Phil dropping in amongst them in such a promiscuous manner, and flew at him in a desperate rage. The poor weaver had no way of escaping but by jumping into a barrel of hogwash which happened to be near him. And there he stood up to his neck, roaring for the bare life, while the ould thief of a gander kept walking around the barrel, stretching out his long neck and hissing, as much as to say, 'come out of that if you dare, and see what you'll get.' At last the rest of the boys came up; but when they saw the weaver in the wash-tub, and the gander keeping guard upon him, they were ready to drop with the dint of laughing. When they got tired, they pulled the weaver out, all dripping with wash, and almost frightened out of his seven sentences. But the delay gave the bailiff time to escape, and so they gave up the chase, and returned home. 'Wasn't it a murder, sir, you warn't here to see the fun?'

The officer could not exactly perceive the fun of hunting an unfortunate devil for his ears, and was beginning to express his distaste for such amusements, when a single tap was heard at the door.

'Come in,' cried the Lieutenant.

The door opened, and Sergeant Flint advanced into the room. As soon as the landlady had quitted it, the lieutenant turned to the sergeant to hear his news.

'We have found him yer honor,' said Flint, touching his cap.

'Found whom?'

'The deserter, sir—Dermott O'Rourke, the fellow that gave me the slip last week at the fair of Ballintubber,' replied the sergeant.

'Well you have arrested him?' said the lieutenant.

'No, your honor,' replied Flint. 'I only caught a glimpse of him amongst the crowd a while ago; and then the fellow disappeared as if he had sank into the earth. however, I determined not to lose him so easily, and by a few careless inquiries amongst the villagers I have discovered

that he has sneaked off to the wake of an old piper, a short distance from here.'

'Well—aw—sergeant,' said the officer, yawning. 'You had better order out a corporal's guard, and take the rascal prisoner. We must make an example of him.'

The sergeant brought his hand to his cap with a military sweep, and marched out of the room.

Meantime Dermott had reached the barn where they were waking the dead piper. It was a low thatched house, crowded with persons of both sexes, who were seated on rude benches and blocks of wood ranged on either side along the walls. Thick clouds of tobacco smoke curled up to the dark roof, and partially dimmed the light of the candles, which by means of tin sockets were stuck in the mud walls at respectful distances. The potten circulated freely—tales were told, and songs were sung; the old crones gossipped, tiptoed and smoked apart from the others; the steady married folks talked of the crops, the markets, and the *Repale*; while the 'boys and girls' carried on several prosperous courting matches in remote corners.

In the general enjoyment, poor Tim Hogan, who lay stretched as stiff as old Brian Boru, in a small room, only separated from that in which the company were assembled by a thin partition and a slight door, was left 'all alone by himself,' forgotten by all his friends, except a knot of elderly ladies who discussed the merits of the deceased and the quality of the whisky by turns.

'Have you seen the *corp* yet, Biddy Mulchachy?' inquired one of the hags of a visiter who had just joined in the group, and was in the act of conveying the whiskey bottle to her face.

'Troth I have, Nelly, and straight and purty it looks. It's poor Tim would be proud, and well he might, if he could see himself lying there in his dacent white shirt, snug and comfortable, with the blessed candles lighted around him.'

'But, is it true that when he was dying he charged them to bury his pipes along with him,' inquired Biddy.

'The sorra word of lie in it,' replied Nelly. 'And more betoken he has his pipes laid on one side of him, and a full bottle of whiskey on the other, within there, this very minnit.'

'Blessed Saver! what 'll he want with whisky and music where he's going?'

'Lord knows! Maybe the crather was afeard of being lonesome on the road, and there's no better company than——'

The old woman's harrangue was here interrupted by the sudden opening of the barn door, outside which the scarlet uniforms and glittering arms of Sergeant Flint and his party were distinctly visible. The sergeant advanced, and addressing the people, bade them be under no apprehen-

sions, as he was only in search of a deserter named Dermott O'Rourke.

'Dermott O'Rourke!' repeated twenty voices, and every eye was turned to the place where Dermott had been sitting beside Norah Conolly at the moment when the soldiers' appearance had thrown the assemblage into confusion. Norah was still in the same place, pale as a winding-sheet, but the Rattler had vanished no one knew whither.

'I am positive he was here,' said the sergeant.

Every one present knew that the sergeant was right but remained silent, and anxiously waited the result of a rigorous search which the soldiers were making. Chairs, tables and benches were overturned: still the runaway was nowhere to be found.

'What have we in here?' said Flint, approaching the door of the inner room. 'Only the *corp* of the piper, yer honor,' replied one of the old women.

The sergeant pushed open, and peeped in curiously. The room which was small, had no windows, but narrow loop-holes like the outer apartment. It was perfectly empty, excepting the ghastly corpse of the piper, (rendered still more ghastly by the light of three small candles falling on his rigid features,) which lay stretched upon a door, supported by a chair at the head and foot, and decently covered by a large winnowing-sheet, that reached the floor in ample drapery on either side.

Sergeant Flint, though a brave man where a living antagonist was opposed to him, had, like many other brave men, a mysterious horror of the dead; he therefore closed the door hastily, convinced that the defunct Tim was the sole occupant of the room. Dermott's friends who were even more surprised than the sergeant at his sudden disappearance, now imagined that he had slipped off without being observed by the soldiers, and in order to afford him full time to escape, eagerly pressed Flint and his party not to go away until they had warmed their hearts with a drop, just to show that there was no ill will between them. The sergeant, who never declined a liberal offer, consented; and the privates following the example of their officer sat down with very little ceremony, and began to make the punch disappear very rapidly. Jug after jug of the steaming beverage was mixed and emptied; and at every fresh brewing the sergeant found himself more loth to quit his present quarters. He was in high spirits, and in the fullness of his heart volunteered to sing a favorite song; but hardly had he begun to clear his throat, when he was interrupted with a discordant tuning of bagpipes. A general scream from the women followed, and the men

started up in undisguised alarm. Sergeant Flint, the natural purple of whose nose had faded to a slaty blue, endeavored to look unconcerned, and inquired in a faltering voice what had occurred.

'Don't you hear?' cried an old woman, who had grappled him firmly round the waist. 'Sargint *avourneen*, 'tis Tim Hogan's ghost tuning his pipes.'

'Nonsense! Let me go: there's no such thing. Who ever heard of a ghost playing the bagpipes? Zounds! I say, loose me, woman!' cried the Sergeant, struggling hard to liberate himself. But while he spoke a figure enveloped from head to foot in a white sheet, and producing a variety of unmusical sounds from a set of pipes, appeared at the door of the inner room.

'The ghost—the ghost—Tim Hogan's ghost!' shouted the terrified people, who, without waiting to see more, rushed pell-mell, screaming, swearing, praying, and tumbling over stools and tables to make their escape.

In the *melee* the sergeant contrived to be one of the first out of the barn, and without stopping to muster his men, took to his heels, and never cried 'halt' till he had reached his quarters, leaving his party to follow him at their own discretion.

The wake-house being thus summarily cleared, no one would venture to return to it during the night; the following morning, however, a few of the boldest villagers summoned courage to revisit the scene of the preceding night's adventure; but great was their surprise on discovering the unruly piper lying quietly, with his pipes beside him, precisely as he had been disposed by the persons who laid him out. Nothing appeared to have been touched except the bottle of whiskey, and that had been drained to the bottom. Upon hearing which, Biddy Mulchachy was heard to exclaim,

'Ah! then I wouldn't doubt poor Tim; dead or alive, he's not the boy to leave his liquor behind him.'

Notwithstanding the frightful stories that circulated through the parish of the appearance of the piper's ghost, and the disappearance of the whiskey at the wake, poor Tom was in due time put quietly under the sod in the little church yard of Ardrossan, with his favorite instrument at his feet, and a full bottle of choice *potteen* at his head.

Some days after these occurrences the military party, with Sergeant Flint, quitted Ardrossan and then Dermott O'Rourke who had privately withdrawn from the neighborhood, returned to the village, and explained the mystery of the ghost. He said that, in the confusion which took place on the unexpected entrance of the soldiers, he had, unperceived by any one

except Norah Conolly, now Mrs O'Rourke, slipped into the room where the piper was laid; but finding there no means of escape and being hard pressed, he crept cautiously under the boards which supported the dead body; after a while he ventured to crawl out, and discovered the bottle of whiskey, which he tasted so frequently that he became ready for any deviltry. In this humor a droll thought struck him of masquerading in the character of the dead piper. With the help of the winnowing sheet and the bagpipes, he succeeded, as we have seen, in rising a beautiful *ruction* amongst the villagers, and in effectually frightening away his unwelcome friend, the sergeant.

The truth of Dermott's story was, however, stoutly denied by the majority of those who had been at the wake. Ashamed of being alarmed so ridiculously, they maintained that they could not be mistaken, and that the appearance that they had seen on that memorable night was no other than the genuine ghost of Tim Hogan, the piper.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LAST OF THE SHEPHERDS.

CHAPTER I.

I wish I had lived in France in 1672! It was the age of romances in twenty volumes, and flowing periwigs, and high-heeled shoes, and hoops, and elegance, and wit, rouge, and literary suppers, and gallantry, and devotion. What names are those of La Calprenede, and D'Urfe, and De Seuder, to be the idols and tutelary deities of a circulating library!—and Sevigne to conduct the fashionable correspondence of the *Morning Post*—and Racine, to contribute the unacted drama—and ladies skipping up the steepest parts of Parnassus, with petticoats well tucked up, to show the beauty of their ancles, and the hands filled with artificial flowers—almost as good as natural—to show the simplicity of their tastes! I wish I had lived in France in 1672; for in that year Madame Deshoulieres, who had already been voted the tenth muse by all the freeholders of Pieria, and whose pastorals were lisped by all the fashionable shepherdesses in Paris, left the flowery banks of the Seine to rejoin her husband. Monsieur Deshoulieres was in Guyenne; Madame Deshoulieres went into Dauphene. Matrimony seems to be rather hurtful to geographical studies; but Madame Deshoulieres was a poetess; and in spite of the thirty-eight summers that shaded the lustre of her cheek, she was beautiful, and was still in the glow of youth by her grace and her talent, and

—her heart. Wherever she moved, she left crowds of Corydons and Alexises; but luckily for M. Deshoulieres, their whole conversation was about sheep.

The two Mademoiselles Deshoulieres, Madeleine, and Bribe, were beautiful girls of seventeen or eighteen, brought up in all the innocent pastoralism of their mother. They believed in all the poetical descriptions they read in her eclogues. They expected to see shepherds playing on their pipes, and shepherdesses dancing, and nads reclining on the shady banks of clear running rivers. They were delighted to get out of the prosaic atmosphere of Paris; and all the three were overjoyed when they sprang from their carriage, one evening in May, at the chateau of Madame d'Urtis on the banks of the Lignon. Though there were occasional showers at that season, the mornings were splendid; and accordingly the travellers were almost by daylight, to tread the grass still trembling beneath the steps of *Astre*—to see the fountain, that mirror where the shepherdesses wove wild flowers into their hair—and to explore the wood, still vocal with the complaints of *Celadon*. In one of their first excursions, Madeleine Deshoulieres, impatient to see some of the scenes so gracefully described by her mother, asked if they were really not to encounter a single shepherd on the banks of the Lignon? Madame Deshoulieres perceived, at no great distance, a herdsman and cow-girl playing at a chuckfarthing; and after a pause, replied—

"Behold upon the verdant grass so sweet,
The shepherdess is at her shepherd's feet!
Her arms are bare, her foot is small and white,
The very oxen wonder at the sight,
Her locks half bound, half floating in the air,
And gowns as light as those that satyrs wear."

While these lines were given in Madame Deshoulieres' inimitable recitative, the party had come close to the rustic pair. 'People may well say,' muttered Madeleine, 'that the pictures of nature are always best at a distance. Can it be possible that this is a shepherdess—a shepherdess of Lignon?' The shepherdess was in reality a poor little peasant girl, unkempt, unshorn, with hands of a prodigious size, a miraculous squint, a mouth which probably had a beginning, but of which it was impossible to say where it might end. The shepherd was worthy of his companion; and yet there was something in the extravagant stupidity of his fat and florid countenance that was interesting to a Parisian eye. Madame des Houlieres, who was too much occupied with the verses of the great D'Urfe to attend to what was before her, continued her description—

The birds all round her praises ever sing,
And 'neath her steps the flowers incessant spring."

'Your occupation here is delightful, isn't it?' said Madeleine to the peasant girl.

'No, 'tain't, Miss—that it ain't. I gets nothink for all I does, and when I goes hoam at night I gets a good licking to the bargain.'

'And you?' enquired Madeleine, turning to the herdsman, who was slinking off.

'I'm a little b-b-b-etter off nor hur,' said the man, stuttering, 'for I gets board and lodging—dasht if I doesn't—but gets bread like a stone, and s-s-sleeps below a hedge, dasht if I doesn't.'

'But where are your sheep, shepherd?' said Bribi.

'Hain't a got none,' stuttered the man again, 'dasht if I has.'

'What!' exclaimed Madeleine in despair, 'am I not to see the lovely lambkins bleating and skipping in the meadows on the banks of the Lignon, O Celadon?'

But Madame Deshoulières was too much of a poetess to hear or see what was going on, she thought of nothing but the loves of Astrea, and heard nothing but the imaginary songs of contending Damons.

On their return to the chateau, Madeleine and Bribi complained that they had seen neither flock nor shepherdess.

'And are you anxious to see them?' enquired Madame D'Urtis, with a smile.

'Oh, very,' exclaimed Bribi; 'we expected to live like shepherdesses when we came here. I have brought everything a rustic wants.'

'And so have I,' continued Madeline; 'I have brought twenty yards of rose colored ribbands, and twenty yards of blue, to ornament my crook and the handsomest of my ewes.'

'Well then,' said the Duchess d'Urtis, good naturedly, there are a dozen of sheep feeding at the end of the park. Take the key of the gate, and drive them into the meadows beyond.'

Madeleine and Bribi were wild with joy, while their mother was laboring in search of a rhyme, and did not attend to the real eclogue which was about to be commenced. They scarcely took time to breakfast.—'They dressed themselves coquettishly'—so Madame Deshoulières wrote to Mascarón—'they cut with their own hands a crook a-piece in the park—they beautified them with ribands. Madeleine was for the blue bibands, Bribi for the rose color. Oh the gentle shepherdesses! they spent a whole hour in finding a name that they liked. At last, Madeleine fixed on Amaranthe, Bribi on Daphne. I have just seen them gliding among the trees that overshadow the lovely stream. Poor shepherdesses! be on your guard against the wolves.'

At noon that very day Madeleine and Bribi, or rather Amaranthe and Daphne, in grey silk petticoats and satin bodies,

and their beautiful hair in a state of most careful disorder, and with their crooks in hand, conducted the twelve sheep out of the park into the meadows. The flock, which seemed to be very hungry, were rather troublesome and disobedient. The shepherdesses did all they could to keep them in the proper path. It was a delicious mixture of bleatings and laughter, and baaings, and pastoral songs. The happy girls inhaled the soul of nature, as their poetical mamma expressed it. They ran—they threw themselves on the blooming grass—they looked at themselves in the limpid waters of the Lignon—they gathered lapfulls of primroses. The flock made the best use of their time; and every now and then a sheep of more observation than the rest, perceiving they were guarded by such extraordinary shepherdesses, took half an hour's diversion among the fresh springing corn.

'That's one of yours,' said Amaranthe.

'No; 'tis yours,' replied Daphne: but, by way of having no difficulties in future, they resolved to divide the flock, and ornament one half with blue collars, and the other with rose color. And they gave a name also to each of the members of their flock, such as Melibœus, and Jeannot, and Robin, and Blanchette. Twelve more poetical sheep were never fed on grass before. When the sun began to sink, the shepherdesses brought back their flocks. Madame Deshoulières cried with joy. 'Oh, my dear girls!' she said, kissing their fair foreheads; it is you that have composed an eclogue, and not I.'

'Nothing is wanting to the picture, said the Duchess, seating herself under the willows of the watering place, and admiring the graceful girls.

'I think we want a dog,' said Daphne.

'No; we are rather in want of a wolf,' whispered the beautiful Amaranthe—and blushed.

CHAPTER II.

Not far from the Chateau d'Urtis, the old manor-house of Langevy raised its pointed turrets above the surrounding woods. There, in complete isolation from the world, lived Monsieur de Langevy, his old mother, and his young son. M. de Langevy had struggled against the storms and misfortunes of human life; he now reposed in the bosom of solitude, with many a regret over his wife and his youth—his valiant sword and his adventures. His son, Hector Henri de Langevy, had studied under the Jesuits at Lyons till he was eighteen. Accustomed to the indulgent tenderness of his grandmother, he had returned, about two years before, determined to live in his quiet home without troubling himself about the military glories that had inspired his father. M. de

Langevy, though he disapproved of the youth's choice, did not interfere with it, except that he insisted on his sometimes following the chase, as the next best occupation to actual war. The chase had few charms for Hector. It perhaps might have had more, if he had not been forced to arm himself with an enormous fowling-piece that had belonged to one of his ancestors, the very sight of which alarmed him a mighty deal more than the game. He was so prodigious a sportsman, that, after six months' practice, he was startled as much as ever by the whirr of a part-ridge. But don't imagine, on this account, that Hector's time was utterly wasted. He mused and dreamed, and fancied it would be so pleasant to be in love; for he was at that golden age—the only golden age the world has ever seen—when the heart passes from vision to vision (as the bee from flower to flower)—and wanders, in its dreams of hope, from earth to heaven, from sunshine to shade—from warbling groves to sighing maidens. But, alas! the heart of Hector searched in vain for sighing maidens in the woods of Langevy. In the chateau there was no one but an old housekeeper, who had probably not sighed for thirty years, and a chubby scullion-maid—all unworthy of a soul that dreamed romances on the banks of the Lignon. He counted greatly on a cousin from Paris, who had promised them a visit in the spring. In the meantime, he paced up and down with a gun on his shoulder, pretending to be a happy sportsman—happy in his hopes, happy in the clear sunshine, happy because he knew no better—as happens to a great many other people in the gay days of their youth, in this most unjustly condemned and vilipended world. And now you will probably guess what occurred one day he was walking in his usual dreamy state of abstraction, and as nearly as possible tumbled head foremost into the Lignon. By dint of marching straight on, without minding either hedge or ditch, he found himself, when he awakened from his reverie, with his right foot raised, in the very act of stepping off the bank into the water. He stood stock-still, in that somewhat unpicturesque attitude—his mouth wide open, his eyes strained, and his cheek glowing with all the colors of the rainbow. He had caught a glimpse of our two enchanting shepherdesses on the other side of the stream, who were watching his movements by stealth. He blushed far redder than he had ever done before, and hesitated whether he should retreat or advance. To retreat, he felt, would look rather awkward: at the same time, he thought it would be too great a price to pay for his honor to jump into the river. And, besides, even if he got over to the other side, would he have courage

to speak to them? Altogether, I think he acted more wisely, though less chivalrously, than some might have done in his place. He laid down his gun, and seated himself on the bank, and looked at the sheep as they fed on the opposite side. At twenty years of age, love travels at an amazing pace; and Hector felt that he was already over head and ears with one of the fair shepherdesses. He did not stop to examine which of them it was; it was of no consequence—sufficient for him that he knew he was in love—gone—captivated. If he had been twenty years older, he would perhaps have admired them both: it would have been less romantic, but decidedly more wise.

It is not to be denied that Amaranthe and Daphne blushed a little, too, at this sort of half meeting with Hector. They hung down their heads in the most captivating manner, and continued silent for some time. But at last Amaranthe, more lively than her sister, recommenced her chatter. 'Look, Bribri,' she said, 'Daphne I mean—he is one of the sylvan deities, or perhaps Narcissus looking at himself in the water.'

'Rather say, looking at you,' replied Daphne, with a blush.

'Tis Pan hiding himself in the oziers till you are metamorphosed into a flute, dear Daphne.'

'Not so, fair sister,' replied Daphne; 'tis Endymion in pursuit of the shepherdess Amaranthe.'

'At his present pace, the pursuit will last some time. If he weren't quite so rustic, he would be a captivating shepherd, with his long brown ringlets. He has not moved for an hour. What if he has taken root like a hamadryad?'

'Poor fellow!' said Daphne, in the simplest tone in the world; 'he looks very dull all by himself.'

'He must come over to us, that's very plain. We will give him a crook and a bouquet of flowers.'

'Oh, just the thing!' exclaimed the innocent Daphne. 'We need a shepherd; and yet, no, no,' she added, for she was a little jealous of her sister, 'tis a lucky thing there is a river between us.'

'I hope we will find a bridge *per passa lou rio d'amor*.'

Now, just at that moment, Hector's mind was set on passing the river of Love. In casting his eyes all round in search of a passage, he perceived an old willow half thrown across the stream. With a little courage and activity, it was a graceful and poetical bridge. Hector resolved to try it. He rose and went right onward towards the tree; but, when he arrived, he could not help reflecting that, at that season, the river was immensely deep. He disdained the danger, sprang lightly up the trunk,

and flung himself along one of the branches, dropping, happily without any accident, on the meadow of the Chateau d'Urtis. Little more was left for him to do; and that little he did. He went towards the fair shepherdesses. He tried to overcome his timidity; he overwhelmed the first sheep of the flock with his insidious caresses; and then, finding himself within a few feet of Amaranthe, he bowed, and smiled, and said, 'Mademoiselle.'

He was suddenly interrupted by a clear and silvery voice.

'There are no Mesdemoiselles here; there are only two shepherdesses, Amaranthe and Daphne.'

Hector had prepared a complimentary speech for a young lady attending a flock of sheep; but he had not a word to say to a shepherdess.

He bowed again, and there was a pause.

'Fair Amaranthe,' he said, 'and fair Daphne, will you permit a mortal to tread these flowery plains?'

Amaranthe received the speech with a smile, in which a little raillery was mingled. 'You speak like a true shepherd,' she said.

But Daphne was more good-natured, and more touched with the politeness of the sportsman. She cast her eyes on the ground and blushed.

'Oh, if you wish to pass through these meadows,' she said, 'we shall be'—

'We were going to do the honors of our reception room,' continued Amaranthe, 'and offer you a seat on the grass.'

'Tis too much happiness to throw myself at your feet,' replied Hector, casting himself on one knee.

But he had not looked where he knelt, and he broke Daphne's crook.

'Oh, my poor crook!' she said, and sighed.

'What have I done?' cried Hector. 'I am distressed at my stupidity—I will cut you another from the ash grove below. But you loved this crook,' he added—'the gift, perhaps, of some shepherd—some shepherd?—no, some prince; for you yourselves are princesses—or fairies.'

'We are nothing but simple shepherdesses,' said Amaranthe.

'You are nothing but beautiful young ladies from the capital,' said Hector, 'on a visit to the Chateau d'Urtis. Heaven be praised—for in my walks I shall at least catch glimpses of you at a distance, if I dare not come near. I shall see you glinting among the trees like enchantresses of old.'

'Yes, we are Parisians, as you have guessed—but retired for ever from the world and its deceitful joys.'

Amaranthe had uttered the last words in a declamatory tone; you might have thought them a quotation from her mamma

'You complain rather early, methinks,' replied Hector, with a smile; 'have you indeed much fault to find with the world?'

'That is our secret, fair sportsman,' answered Amaranthe; 'but it seems you also live retired—an eremite forlorn.'

'I, fair Amaranthe? I have done nothing but dream of the delights of a shepherd's life—though I confess I had given up all hopes of seeing a good-looking shepherdess—but now I shall go back more happily than ever to my day-dreams. Ah! why can't I help you to guard your flock?'

The two young girls did not know what to say to this proposition. Daphne at last replied—

'Our flock is very small—and quite ill enough attended to as it is.'

'What joy for me to become Daphnis—to sing to you, and gather roses, and twine them in your hair!'

'Let us say no more,' interrupted Amaranthe, a little disquieted at the sudden ardor of Daphnis; 'the sun is going down: we must return to the park. Adieu,' she added, rising to go away.

'Adieu, Daphnis!' murmured the tender Daphne, confused and blushing.

Hector did not dare to follow them. He stood for a quarter of an hour with his eyes fixed first on them, and then on the door of the park. His heart beat violently, his whole soul pursued the steps of the shepherdesses.

'Adieu, Daphnis,' the lovely Daphne said to me. I hear her sweet voice still! How beautiful she is! how beautiful they are, both—Amaranthe is more graceful, but Daphne is more winning—bright eyes—white hands! sweet smiles! and the delicious dress, so simple, yet so captivating; the white corset that I could not venture to look at—the gown of silk that couldn't hide the points of the charming little feet. 'Tis witchery—enchantment—Venus and Diana—I shall inevitably go mad. Ah, cousin! you ought to have come long ago, and all this might never have occurred.'

The sun had sunk behind a bed of clouds—the nightingale began its song, and the fresh green leaves rustled beneath the mild breath of the evening breeze. The bee hummed joyously on its homeward way, loaded with the sweets of the spring flowers. Down in the valley, the voice of the hinds driving their herds to rest, increased the rustic concert; the river rippled on beneath the mysterious shade of old fantastic trees, and the air was filled with soft noises, and rich perfumes, and the voice of birds. There was no room in Hector's heart for all these natural enjoyments.—'To-morrow,' he said, kissing the broken crook—'I will come back again to-morrow.'

CHAPTER III.

Early in the following morning, Hector wandered along the banks of the Lignon, with a fresh-cut crook in his hand. He looked to the door of the Park d'Urtis, expecting every moment to see the glorious apparitions of the day before. And at stroke of noon, a lamb rushing through the gate, careered along the meadow, and the eleven others ran gayly after it, amidst a peal of musical laughter from Amaranthe. Daphne did not laugh. The moment she crossed the threshold, she glanced stealthily towards the river. 'I thought so,' she murmured; 'Daphnis has come back.'—And Daphnis, in a transport of joy, was hurrying to the shepherdesses when he was suddenly interrupted by Madame Deshoulières and the Duchess d'Urtis. When the sisters had returned, on the evening before, Amaranthe, to Daphne's great discomfiture, had told word for word all that had occurred; how that a young sportsman had joined them, and how they had talked and laughed; and Madame d'Urtis had no doubt, from the description, that it was Hector de Langevy. Amaranthe having added to the story, that she felt certain, in spite of Daphne's declarations to the contrary, that he would meet them again, the seniors had determined to watch the result. Hector would fain have made his escape; two ladies he might have faced, but four; and two of them above thirty years of age. 'Twas too much; but his retreat was instantly cut off. He stood at bay, blushed with all his might, but saluted the ladies as manfully as if he had been a page. He received three most gracious curtsies in return—only three; for Daphne wished to pass on without taking any notice—which he considered a very favorable omen. He did not know how to begin a conversation, and besides, he began to get confused; and his blushing increased to a most alarming extent—and in short—he held out his crook to Daphne. As that young shepherdess had no crook of her own, and did not know how to refuse the one he offered, she took it, though her hand trembled a little, and looked at Madame Deshoulières.

'I broke your crook yesterday, fair Daphne,' said Hector, 'but it is not lost. I shall make a relic of it—more precious than, than—' but the bones of the particular saint he was about to name stuck in his throat, and he was silent.

'Monsieur de Langevy,' said Madame d'Urtis kindly, 'since you make such a point of aiding these shepherdesses in guarding the flock, I hope in an hour you will accompany them to the castle to lunch.'

'I'll go with them wherever you allow me, madam,' said Hector. (I wonder if

the impudent fellow thought he had the permission of the young ones already.)

'Let that be settled then,' said the Duchess. 'I shall go and have the butter cooled, and the curds made—a simple lunch, as befits the guests.'

'The fare of shepherds!' said Madame Deshoulières, and immediately set out in search of a rhyme.

Daphne had walked slowly on, pressing the crook involuntarily to her heart, and arrived at the river side, impelled by a desire for solitude, without knowing why. There are some mysterious influences to which damsels of seventeen seem particularly subject. A lamb—the gentlest of the flock, which had become accustomed to her caresses, had followed her like a dog. She passed her small hand lightly over the snowy neck of the favorite, and looked round to see what the party she had left were doing. She was astonished to see her mother and Hector conversing, as if they had been acquainted for ages, while Madame d'Urtis and Amaranthe were running a race towards the park. She sat down on the grassy bank, exactly opposite the ozers where she had seen Hector the preceding day. When she felt she was quite alone, she ventured to look at the crook. It was a branch of ash of good size, ornamented with a rustic bouquet and a bunch of ribands, not very skilfully tied. Daphne was just going to improve the knot when she saw a billet hid in the flowers. What should she do? read it? That were dangerous; her confessor did not allow such venialities; her mamma would be enraged; some people are so fond of monopolies; and besides she might be discovered. 'Twould be better, then, not to read it; a much simpler proceeding; for couldn't she nearly guess what was in it? And what did she care what was in it? Not to read it was evidently the safer mode; and accordingly she—read it through and through and blushed and smiled, and read it through and through again. It was none of your commonplace prosaic epistles; 'twas all poetry, all fire; her mamma would have been enchanted if the verses had only been addressed to her. Here they are:

'My sweetest hour, my happiest day,
Was in the happy month of May!
The happy dreams that round me lay
On that delicious morn of May!

I saw thee! loved thee If my love
A tribute unrejected be,
The happiest day of May shall prove
The happiest of my life to me!

It is quite evident that if such an open declaration had been made in plain prose, Daphne would have been angry; but in verse, 'twas nothing but a poetical license. Instead, therefore, of tearing it in pieces, and throwing it into the water, she folded it carefully up, and placed it in the pretty

corset of white satin, which seems the natural escritoire of a shepherdess in her teens. Scarcely had she closed the drawer, and double locked it, when she saw at her side—Hector and Madame Deshoulières.

‘My poor child,’ said the poetess, ‘how thoughtful you seem on Lignon’s flowery side—forgetful of your sheep—’

‘That o’er the meadows negligently stray!’

Monsieur de Langevy, as you have given her a crook, methinks you ought to aid her in her duties in watching the flock. As for myself, I must be off to finish a letter to my bishop.

‘From Lignon’s famous banks
What can I find to say?
The breezes freshly springing,
Make me—and nature—gay.
When Celadon would weep
His lost Astrea fair,
To Lignon he would creep,
But oh! this joyous air
Would force to skip and leap
A dragon in despair!’—&c. &c.

Madame Deshoulières had no prudish notions, you will perceive, about a flirtation—provided it was carried on with the airs and graces of the Hotel Rambouillet. She merely, therefore, interposed a word here and there, to show that she was present. Daphne, who scarcely said a word to Hector, took good care to answer every time her mamma spoke to her. To be sure, it detracts a little from this filial merit, that she did not know what she said.—But if all parties were pleased, I don’t see what possible right anybody else has to find fault.

The shepherdess Daphne, or rather Bri-bri Deshoulières, as we have seen, was beautiful, and simple, and tender—beautiful from the admirable sweetness of her expression—simple, as young girls are simple: that is to say, with a small spice of mischief to relieve the insipidity—and tender, with a smile that seems to open the heart as well as the lips. What struck people in her expression at first, was a shade of sadness over her features—a fatal presentiment, as it were, that added infinitely to her charm. Her sister was more beautiful, perhaps—had richer roses on her cheek, and more of what is called *manner* altogether—but if Amaranthe pleased the eyes, Daphne captivated the heart; and as the eyes are evidently subordinate to the heart, Daphne carried the day. Hector accordingly, on the first burst of his admiration had *seen* nothing but Amaranthe; but when he had left the sisters, it was astonishing how exclusively he *thought* of Daphne.

CHAPTER IV.

The castle clock sounded the hour of luncheon. Hector offered his arm to

Madame Deshoulières; Daphne called her flock. They entered the park, and were joined by the Duchess d’Urtis and Amaranthe. The collation was magnificent. First course, an omelette au jambon, entree cakes, and fresh butter; second course, a superb cream cheese. Desert, a trifle and preserves. All these interesting details are embalmed in the poetic correspondence of Madame Deshoulières, in which every dish was duly chronicled for the edification of her friends.

At nightfall—for Hector lingered as long as he could—the young shepherd quitted the party with great regret; but there was no time to lose, for he had two leagues to go, and there was no moon, and the roads were still broken into immense ruts by the equinoctial rains. On the following day, Hector returned to the Chateau d’Urtis through the meadow. When he arrived near the willow that served for his bridge across the river, he was surprised to see neither shepherdess nor flock in the field. He tripped across the tree, lamenting the bad omen; but scarcely had he reached the other side when he saw some sheep straggling here and there. He rushed towards them, amazed at not seeing either Amaranthe or Daphne; and what was his enchantment when, on advancing a little further, he perceived his adored shepherdess by the margin of the Lignon, which at that point formed a pretty little cascade. The tender Daphne had thrown her beautiful arm round one of the young willows in flower, and, trusting to its support, leaned gracefully over the waterfall, in the shadow of its odoriferous leaves. She had allowed her soul to wander in one of those delicious reveries, of which the thread—broken and renewed a thousand times—is the work of the joy which hopes, and the sadness which fears. She was not aware of Hector’s approach. When she saw him, she started, as if waking from a dream.

‘You are all alone,’ said Hector, drawing near.

She hurriedly told him that her sister would soon join her. The two lovers kept silence for some time, looking timidly at each other, not venturing to speak, as if they feared the sound of their own voices in the solitude.

‘There seems a sadness,’ said Hector at length, but his voice trembled as he spoke, ‘there seems a sadness on your brow?’

‘Tis true,’ replied Daphne. ‘Mamma has heard from Monsieur Deshoulières. He is going to pass through Avignon soon, and we are going away to see him on his passage.’

‘Going away,’ cried Hector, turning pale.

‘Yes; and I felt myself so happy,’ said Daphne, mournfully, ‘in these meadows with my sheep, that I loved so well.’

When Daphne spoke of her sheep, she looked at Hector.

'But why should you go? Madame Deshoulieres could return for you here'—

'And take me away when I had been longer here, my grief would only be greater. No, I must go now or stay always.'

On hearing these words, Hector fell on one knee, seized her hand and kissed it, and, looking up with eyes overflowing with love, said:

'Yes: always, always; you know that I love you, Daphne; I wish to tell you how I will adore you all my life long.'

Daphne yielded to her heart; and let him kiss her hand without resistance.

'But alas!' she said, 'I can't be always guarding a flock. What will the poor shepherdess do?'

'Am I not your shepherd? your Daphnis?' cried Hector, as if inspired, 'trust to me, Daphne, to my heart, to my soul.—This hand shall never be separated from yours: we shall live the same life, in the same sunshine, in the same shadow, in the same hovel, in the same palace; but with you, dearest Daphne, the humblest hut would be a palace. Listen, my dearest Daphne: at a short distance from here there is a cottage, the Cottage of the Vines, that belongs to the sister of my nurse, where we can live in love and happiness no eye to watch and no tongue to wound us.'

'Never, never,' said Daphne.

She snatched her hands from those of her lover, retreated a few paces, and began to cry. Hector went up to her; he spoke of his affection, he besought her with tears in his eyes, he was so eloquent and so sincere, that poor Daphne was unable to resist, for any length of time, those bewildering shocks of first love to which the wisest of us yield: she said, all pale and trembling—

'Well, yes, I trust myself to you, and heaven. I am not to blame; is it my fault that I love you so?'

A tender embrace followed these words. Evening was now come; the sun, sinking behind the clouds on the horizon, cast but a feeble light; the little herdsman was driving home his oxen and his flock of turkeys, whose gabbling disturbed the solemnity of the closing day. The flock belonging to the castle turned naturally towards the watering-place.

'Look at my poor sheep,' said Daphne, throwing back the curls which by some means had fallen over her forehead; 'look at my poor sheep: they are pointing out the road I ought to go.'

'On the contrary,' replied Hector, 'the ungrateful wretches are going off very contentedly without you.'

'But I am terrified,' rejoined Daphne:

'how can I leave my mother in this way? She will die of grief!'

'She will write a poem on it; and that will be all.'

'I will write to her that I was unable to resist my inclination for a monastic life, and that I have gone, without giving her notice, to the nunnery of St. Marie that we were speaking of last night.'

So said the pure and candid Bribri, hitting in a moment on the ingenious device; so true it is, that at the bottom of all hearts, even the most amiable, there is some small spark of mischief ready to explode when we least expect it.

'Yes—dearest,' cried Hector, delighted at the thought, 'you will write to her you have gone into the convent; she will go on to Avignon; we shall remain together beneath these cloudless skies, in this lovely country, happy as the birds, and free as the winds of the hill!'

Daphne thought she heard some brilliant quotation from her mother, and perhaps was, on that account, the more easily led by Hector. After walking half an hour, with many a glance by the way, and many a smile, they arrived in front of the Cottage of the Vines—the good old woman was hoeing peas in her garden—she had left her house to the protection of an old grey cat, that was sleeping in the doorway. Daphne was enraptured with the cottage. It was beautifully retired, and was approached by a little grass walk bordered by elder-trees; and all was closed in by a pretty orchard, in which luxuriant vines clambered up the fine old pear-trees, and formed in festoons between the branching elms. The Lignon formed a graceful curve and nearly encircled the paddock.

'At all events,' said Daphne, 'if I am wretched here, my tears will fall into the stream I love.'

'But you will have no time to weep,' replied Hector, pressing her hand, 'all our days will be happy here! Look at that window half hidden in vine-leaves; 'tis there you will inhale the fragrance of the garden every morning when you awake; look at that pretty bower with the honeysuckle screen, 'tis there we will sit every evening, and talk over the joys of the day. Our life will be bright and beautiful as a sunbeam among roses!'

They had gone inside the cottage. It had certainly no great resemblance to a palace; but under these worn rafters—within these simple walls—by the side of that rustic chimney, poverty itself would be delightful, in its tidiness and simplicity, if shared with one you loved. Daphne was a little disconcerted at first by the rough uneven floor, and by the smell of the evening meal—the toasted cheese, and the little oven where the loaf was baking; but, thanks to love—the enchanter, who

has the power of transforming to what shape he likes, and can shed his magic splendors over any thing. Daphne found the cottage charming, and she was pleased with the floor, and the toasted cheese, and the oven! The good old woman, on coming in from the garden, was astonished at the sight of Hector and Daphne.

'What a pretty sister you have, Monsieur Hector,' she said.

'Listen to me, Babet, since your daughter married, nobody has used the little room up stairs. This young lady will occupy it for a few days; but you must keep it a secret from all the world—you understand.'

'Don't be afraid, Master Hector—I am delighted to have so pretty a tenant for my daughter's room. The bed is rather small, but it is white and clean, and the sheets are fresh bleached. They smell of the daisies yet. You will sup with me, my fair young lady?' continued Babet, turning to Daphne; 'my dishes are only pewter, but there is such a flavor in my simple fare—my vegetables and fruits—I can't account for it, except it be the blessing of heaven.'

Babet spread a tablecloth like snow, and laid some dishes of fruit upon the table.—Hector took a tender farewell of Daphne, and kissed her hand at least a dozen times. At last he tore himself away, with a promise that he would be with her at daybreak next morning.

CHAPTER V.

Daphne hardly slept all night in her chamber. She was disturbed by many thoughts, and became alarmed at the step she had taken. At earliest dawn she threw open her window. The first sun-rays, reflected on a thousand dew-drops on the trees; the chirping of the birds, which already began their matin song; the joyous voice of the cock, which crowed in a most satisfactory and majestic manner in the paddock of her hostess; all these sights and sounds, to which she was so little accustomed, restored her serenity of mind once more. She dwelt more on the attractions of her love; so adventurous, so romantic. Love's ways, like those of wickedness, are strewn at first with roses, and Daphne was only at the entrance of the path. While she was repelling from her heart the miserable fancies that had crowded on her at night, she all of a sudden perceived Hector by the white-thorn hedge.

'Welcome! welcome!' she cried, 'you come to me with the sun.'

'How lovely you are this morning!' said Hector to her, with a look of admiration which there needed no physiognomist to discover was profoundly real. She looked at herself when he spoke, and perceived

she was but half dressed. She threw herself on the foot of her bed.

'What am I to do?' she thought, 'I can't always wear a silk petticoat and a corset of white satin?'

She dressed herself notwithstanding, as last night, trusting to fate for the morrow. Hector had brought her writing materials, and she composed a tender adieu to her mamma.

'Admirably done!' cried Hector; 'I have a peasant here who will carry it to Madame Deshoulières—as for me, I shall go as usual to the Park d'Urtis at noon. When they see me they will have no suspicion. Your mamma goes away this evening, so that after to-day we shall have nothing to fear.'

The lovers breakfasted in the spirits which only youth and love can furnish.—Daphne had herself gone to the fountain with the broken pitcher of the cottage.—'You perceive, Hector,' she said, on seating herself at the table, 'that I have all the qualifications of a peasant girl.'

'And all the gracefulness of a duchess,' added the youth.

At one o'clock Hector had found his way to the meadow. Nobody was there. He opened the gate of the park, and before he had gone far was met by Madame Deshoulières.

'My daughter!' she cried in an agitated voice; 'You have not seen my daughter?'

'I was in hopes of seeing her here,' replied Hector, with a start of well-acted surprise.

'She is gone off,' resumed the mother; 'gone off, like a silly creature, to some convent, disguised as a shepherdess; the foolish, senseless girl! and I am obliged to depart this very day, so that it is impossible to follow her.'

Hector continued to enact astonishment; he even offered his services to reclaim the fugitive; and, in short, exhibited such sorrow and disappointment, that the habitual quickness of Madame Deshoulières was deceived. The Duchess, Amaranthe, and the mamma all thanked him for his sympathy; and he at last took his leave, with no doubt in his mind, that he was a consummate actor, and qualified for any plot whatever.

He went back to Daphne, who had sunk into despondency once more, and consoled her by painting a brilliant picture of their future happiness. But on the following day he came later than before, he seemed dull and listless, and embraced his shepherdess with evident constraint. Things like these never escape the observations of shepherdesses, gentle or simple.

'Do you know, Hector, that you are not by any means too gallant? A shepherd of proper sentiments would waken his sweet-heart every morning with the sound of his

pipe. He would gather flowers for her before the dew was gone, and fill her basket with fruits. He would carve her initials on the bark of the tree beneath the window, as her name is written on his heart. But you! you come at nearly noon, and leave me to attend to myself. 'Twas I, you inattentive Daphnis, who gathered all these fruits and flowers. Don't you see how the room is improved? Hyacinths in the window, roses on the mantel-piece, and violets every where—ah! what a time you were in coming!

They went out into the garden, where the good old Babet was at breakfast, with her cat and the bees.

'Come hither,' continued Daphne, 'look at this little corner so beautifully worked, 'tis my own garden, I have raked and weeded it all. There is not much planted in it yet; but what a charming place it is for vines! and the hedge, how sweet and flourishing. But what is the matter with you, Hector? You seem absent—sad.'

'Oh, nothing, Daphne, nothing indeed; I only love you more and more, every hour; that's all.'

'Well, that isn't a thing to be sad about,' said Daphne, with a smile that would have dispelled any grief less deeply settled than that of her young companion. He parted from Daphne soon; without letting her into the cause of his disquiet. But as there is no reason why the secret should be kept any longer, let us tell what was going on at the Chateau de Langevy.

His cousin Clotilde had arrived the evening before, with an old aunt, to remain for the whole spring. Monsieur de Langevy, who was not addicted to circumlocution in his mode of talk, told his son point-blank, that his cousin was a pretty girl, and what was more a considerable heiress, so that it was his duty—his, Hector de Langevy—the owner of a great name and a very small fortune to marry the said cousin—or if not, he must stand the consequences. Hector, at the first intimation, had revolted indignantly against the inhuman proposal, and made many inaudible vows of undying constancy to his innocent and trusting Daphne; but by degrees, there is no denying that—without thinking of the fortune, he found various attractions in his cousin. She was beautiful, graceful, winning. She took his arm quite unceremoniously. She had the most captivating small talk in the world. In short, if it had not been for Daphne, he would of been in love with her at once. As she was obliged of course, to escort his cousin in her walks, or break with her altogether, he did not go for two whole days to the Cottage of the Vines. On the third day, Clotilde begged him to take her to the banks of the Lignon, and as the request was made in the presence of his father, he

dared not refuse. He contented himself, by way of a relief to his conscience, with breathing a sigh to Daphne. The straightest road from the Chateau de Langevy to the Lignon, led past the Cottage of the Vines; but Hector had no wish to go the straightest road. He took a detour of nearly two miles, and led her almost to the Park D'Urtis. While Clotilde amused herself by gathering the blossoms, and turning aside the pendant bough of the willows that hung over the celebrated stream, Hector looked over the scene of his first meeting with the shepherdess, and sighed, perhaps without knowing exactly wherefore. He was suddenly startled by a scream, Clotilde, in stretching to far forward, had missed her footing, and fallen upon the bank: she was within an inch of rolling into the river. Hector rushed to her, raised her gently up, and begging her to lean her head upon his shoulder, assisted her up the bank. 'She's like a naaid surprised by a shepherd;' he thought, and it is not improbable that at that moment he pressed his lips pretty close to the pale cheek that rested almost in his breast. When he lifted up his head, he perceived, half hidden among the willows, on the other side of the river, Daphne! she had wandered to see once more the cradle of her love, to tread the meadow where, two days only before, could it be only two days? she had been so happy. What did she hear? As her only reply to the kiss to which she had so unfortunately been a witness, she broke her crook in an excess of indignation. But it was too much to bear. She fell upon the bank, and uttered a plaintive cry. At that cry, at sight of his poor Daphne fainting upon the grass, he rushed like a madman across the stream, buoyant with love and despair. He ran to his insensate shepherdess, regardless of the exclamations of the fair Clotilde, and raised her in his trembling arms.

'Daphne, Daphne,' he cried, 'open your eyes. I love nobody but you, nobody but you.'

He embraced her tenderly; he wept, and spoke to her as if she heard; Daphne opened her eyes for a moment with a look of misery, and shut them again, and shuddered.

'No, no!' she said, 'tis over! You are no longer Daphnis, and I Daphne no more, leave me, leave me alone to die.'

'My life, my love, my darling Daphne; I love you, I swear it to you from my heart. I do not desert you: you are the only one I care for.'

In the mean time Clotilde had approached the touching scene.

'Pon my word, sir, very well' she said, 'am I to return to the Chateau by myself?'

'Go sir, go,' said Daphne, pushing him away; 'you are waited for, you are called.'

'But Daphne, but, fair cousin,'

'I won't listen to you, my day-dream is passed, speak of it no more,' said Daphne.

'Do you know, cousin,' said Clotilde, with a malicious sneer, 'that this rural surprise is quite enchanting. I am greatly obliged to you for getting it up for my amusement. You did not prepare me for so exquisite a scene; I conclude it is from the last chapter of the *Astrea*.'

'Ah! Cousin,' said Hector, 'I will overtake you in a moment, I will tell you all, and then I don't think you'll laugh at us.'

'Excuse me, sir, cried Daphne in a tone of disdainful anger, 'let that history be forever a secret. I do not wish people to laugh at the weakness of my heart. Farewell, sir, let everything be forgotten, buried.'

Large tears rolled down the poor girl's cheek.

'No, Daphne, no, I never will leave you. I declare it before heaven and earth, I will conduct my cousin to the Chateau, and in an hour I will be with you to dry your tears, and to ask pardon of you on my knees. Moreover, I am not to blame, I call my cousin to witness. Is it not true Clotilde, that I don't love you?'

'Pon my word, cousin, you have certainly *told* me you loved me; but as men generally say the contrary of what is the fact, I am willing to believe that you don't. But I beg you'll not incommode yourself on my account; I can find my way to the Chateau perfectly well all alone.'

She walked away, hiding her chagrin under the most easy and careless air in the world.

'I must run after her, said Hector, 'or she will tell everything to my father. Adieu, Daphne; in two hours I shall be at the Cottage of the Vines, and more in love than ever.'

'Adieu, then,' murmured Daphne in a dying voice; 'adieu,' she repeated on seeing him retire; 'adieu, as for me in two hours, I shall *not* be at the Cottage of the Vines.'

She returned to the cottage of an old Babet. On seeing the little chamber she had taken so much pains to ornament with flowers and blossoms, she sank her head upon her bosom. 'Poor roses,' she murmured, 'little I thought when I gathered you, that my heart would be the first to wither.'

The good old woman came in to her. 'What, crying?' she said, 'do people weep at eighteen?'

Daphne threw herself into Babet's arms, and sobbed.

'He has deceived me, left me for his cousin. I must go. You will tell him that he has behaved cruelly, that I am—but no—tell him that I forgive him.'

Daphne loved Hector with all her heart,

and with all her soul. There never was an affection so blind, or a girl so innocent. Before leaving Paris, she had had various visions of what might happen in the country, how she might meet some graceful cavalier beside the wall of some romantic castle, who would fling himself on his knees before her like a hero of romance. And this dream, so cherished in Paris, was really realized on the banks of the Lignon. Hector was exactly the sort of youth she had fancied, and the interest became greater from their enacting the parts of shepherdess and shepherd. She had been strengthened in this, her first love, by the former illusions of her imagination; and without one thought of evil, she had lost her common sense, and had followed her lover, instead of attending to her mamma. Oh, young damsels, who are fond of pastorals, and can dream of young cavaliers and ancient castles, who would wear on one side, the soft whisperings of a lover, and on the other, the sensible remarks of your mother, need I tell you which of the two to choose? If you are still in doubt, read to the end of this story, and you will hesitate no longer.

Hector rejoined his cousin, but during their walk home, neither of them ventured to allude to the incident in the meadow. Hector argued well from the silence of Clotilde, he hoped she would not speak of his secret at the chateau. Vain hope, the moment she found an opportunity, it all came out. That evening, M. de Langevy saw her more pensive than usual, and asked her the cause.

'Oh, nothing,' she said and sighed.

The uncle persisted in trying to find it out.

'What is the matter, my dear Clotilde?' he said. 'Has your pilgrimage to the banks of the Lignon disappointed you?'

'Yes, uncle.'

'Has my son—but where is Hector?'

'He has gone on the pilgrimage again.'

'What the devil is he doing there?'

'He has his reasons, of course,' said Clotilde.

'Indeed! Do you know what they are?' enquired the father.

'Not the least in the world; only—'

'Only what? I hate these only's—out with it all.'

'My dear uncle, I've told you I know nothing about it; only I have seen his shepherdess.'

'His shepherdess? You're laughing, Clotilde. Do you believe in shepherdesses at this time of day?'

'Yes, uncle—for I tell you I saw his shepherdess fall down in a faint on the side of the Lignon.'

'The deuce you did? A shepherdess. Hector in love with a shepherdess.'

'Yes, uncle; but a very pretty one, I

assure you, in silk petticoat and corset of white satin.'

The father was petrified. 'What is the meaning of all this? It must be a very curious story. Bring me my fowling-piece and game-bag. Do you think, my dear Clotilde, that infernal boy has returned to his shepherdess?'

'Yes, uncle.'

'Well; has the shepherdess any sheep?'

'No, uncle.'

'The devil! that looks more serious. You went past the withy bed?'

'Yes, uncle; but I fancy the gentle shepherdess is nearer the village.'

'Very good,' grumbled the old Baron, with a tone of voice that made it difficult to believe he saw much good in it. 'Silk petticoats and satin corsets. I wonder where the rascal finds money for such fineries for his shepherdess.'

He went straight on to the Cottage of the Vines, in hopes that Babet would know something of Hector's proceedings. He found the old woman in her porch, resting from the labors of the day.

'How do you do, Babet?' said the old Baron, softening his voice like any sucking dove. 'Anything new going on?'

'Nothing new, your honor,' replied Babet, attempting to rise.

'Sit still,' said the Baron, putting his hand kindly on the old lady's shoulder; 'here's a seat for me on this basket of rushes.' At this moment M. de Langevy heard the up-stairs casement closed. 'Oho!' he thought, 'I've hit upon it at once; this is the cage where these turtles bill and coo. Have you seen my son this week, Babet?' he said aloud.

'Oh, I see him often, your honor; he often comes sporting into my paddock.'

'Sporting in your preserves, Babet—a pretty sort of game.'

'Oh, very good game, your honor; this very day he sent me a beautiful hare. I did not know what to do with it; but at last I put it on the spit.'

'The hare wasn't all for you, perhaps. But, listen to me, Babet—I know the whole business, my son is in love with some shepherdess or other, and I don't think she is far from here.'

'I don't understand you, sir,' said the old lady, a true *confidante*, though seventy years of age.

'You understand me so perfectly,' said the Baron, 'that you are evidently ashamed of your behaviour. But do not be uneasy, there is no great harm in it, a mere childish frolic, only tell me where the girl is?'

'Ah, your honor,' cried Babet, who saw there was no use for further pretence—'she's an angel—she is—a perfect angel.'

'Where does the angel come from, Babet?' enquired the Baron; 'she has not come fresh from heaven, has she?'

'I know nothing more about her, your honor; but I pray morning and night that you may have no one else for a daughter.'

'We shall see—the two lovers are above, are not they?'

'Why should I conceal it?' Yes, your honor, you may go up stairs at once. An innocent love like theirs never bolts the door.'

When the Baron was half-way up the stair, he stopped short, on seeing the two lovers sitting close to each other, the one weeping, and the other trying to console her. There was such an air of infantine candor about them both, and both seemed so miserable, that the hard heart of sixty-three was nearly touched.

'Very well,' he said, and walked into the room. Daphne uttered a scream of terror, and her tears redoubled.

'There is nothing to cry about,' said M. de Langevy; 'but as for you, young man, you must let me into the secret, if you please.'

'I have nothing to tell you,' said Hector, in a determined tone.

Daphne, who had leant for support on his shoulder, fell senseless on her chair.

'Father,' said Hector, bending over her; 'you perceive that this is no place for you.'

'Nor for you, either,' said the old man in a rage. 'What do you mean by such folly? Go home this instant, sir, or you shall never enter my door again.'

But Hector made no reply. His whole attention was bestowed on Daphne.

'I ask you again, sir,' said the father, still more angry at his son's neglect. 'Think well on what you do.'

'I have thought sir,' replied Hector, raising the head of the still senseless Daphne. 'You may shut your door for ever.'

'None of your impudence, jackanapes. Will you come home with me now, or stay here?'

'If I go with you, sir,' said Hector, 'it will be to show my respect to you as my father; but I must tell you that I love Mademoiselle Deshoulières, and no one else. We are engaged, and only death shall part us.'

'Deshoulières,' said the Baron, 'I've heard that name before. I knew a Colonel Deshoulières in the campaigns of Flanders; a gallant fellow, with a beautiful wife, a number of wounds, many medals, but not a *sou*. Are you coming, sir?'

Daphne motioned him to go; and Hector followed his father in silence. He was not without hopes of gaining his permission to love his poor Daphne as much as he chose. M. de Langevy bowed to her as he went out of the room; and, wishing Babet a good appetite as he passed the kitchen door, commenced a sermon for the edification of poor Hector, which lasted all the way. The only attention Hector paid

to it was to turn round at every pause, and take a look at the little casement window.

When Daphne saw him disappear among the woods at the side of the road, she sighed; and while the tears rolled down her cheek, she said, 'Adieu, adieu! I shall never see him more.'

She looked sadly round the little apartment, now so desolate; she gathered one of the roses that clustered round the window, and scattered the leaves one by one, and watched them as they were wafted away by the breeze.

'Even so will I do with my love,' said the poetical shepherdess; 'I will scatter it on the winds of death.'

'Adieu,' she said, embracing poor old Babet; I am going back to the place I left so sillily. If you see Hector again, tell him I loved him; but that he must forget me, as I forget the world, and myself.'

As she said these words, she grew pale and staggered, but she recovered by an effort, and walked away on the path that led to the Chateau d'Urtis. When she came to the meadow, she saw at her feet the crook she had broken in the morning. She lifted it, and took it with her as the only memorial of Hector. The sun was sinking slowly, and Daphne knelt down and said a prayer, pressing the crook to her bosom—poor Daphne.

CHAPTER VII.

She did not find her mother at the chateau: Madame d'Urtis was overjoyed to see her.

'Well, my lost sheep,' she said, 'you have come back again to the fold.'

'Yes,' said Daphne, sadly; 'I am come back never to stray again. See, here is my broken crook, and Daphnis will never come to cut me another.'

She told every thing to Madame d'Urtis. The duchess did not know whether to laugh or scold; so she got over the difficulty by alternately doing both.

In the Chateau de Langevy, Hector continued firm in the presence of his father, and even of his cousin. He told them every thing exactly as it occurred, and spoke so enthusiastically and so sincerely, that the old Baron was somewhat softened. Clotilde herself was touched, and plead in Hector's behalf. But the old Baron was firm, and his only answer was, 'In eight days he will forget all about her. I am astonished, Clotilde, to see you reason so absurdly.'

'Oh, my dear uncle!' said Clotilde, 'I believe that those who reason the worst on such a subject are the most reasonable.'

'I tell you again, in a week he will have changed his divinity—you know that very well; or I don't see the use of your having such beautiful eyes.'

'Be sure of this, uncle,' replied Clotilde, in a more serious voice, 'Hector will never love me; and besides,' she added, 'relapsing into griety once more, 'I don't like to succeed to another; I agree with Mademoiselle de Scuderi, that, in love, those queens are the happiest who create kingdoms for themselves in undiscovered lands.'

'You read romances, Clotilde; so I shall argue with you no longer about the phantom you call love.'

Hector took his father on the weak side.

'If I marry Mademoiselle Deshoulières,' he said, 'I shall march forward in the glorious career of arms; you have opened the way for me, and I cannot fail of success under the instruction of the brave Deshoulières, whom Louvois honors with his friendship.'

M. de Langevy put an end to the conversation by saying he would consider, which seemed already a great step gained in favor of the lovers.

On the next day's dawn, Hector was at the Cottage of the Vines.

'Alas, alas!' said the old woman, throwing open the window, 'the dear young lady is gone!'

'Gone! you let her go! but I will find her.'

Hector ran to the Chateau d'Urtis. When he entered the park, he felt he was too late, for he saw a carriage hurrying down the opposite avenue. He rang the bell, and was shown in to the Duchess.

'Tis you, Monsieur de Langevy,' she said, sadly; 'you come to see Mademoiselle Deshoulières. Think of her no more, for all is at an end between you. On this earth you will meet no more, for in an hour she will have left the world. She is gone, with her maid, to the Convent of Val Chretien.'

'Gone!' cried Hector, nearly fainting.

'She has left a farewell for you in this letter.' Hector took the letter which the Duchess held to him, and grew deadly pale as he read these lines:

'Farewell, then! 'Tis no longer Daphne who writes to you, but a broken-hearted girl, who is to devote her life to praying for the unhappy. I retire from the world with resignation. I make no complaint; my two days' dream of happiness is gone. It was a delicious eclogue; pure, sincere, and tender; but it is past, adieu!'

Hector kissed the letter, and turned to the duchess. 'Have you a horse, madam?' he said.

'What would you do with it?'

'I would overtake Mademoiselle Deshoulières.'

'You might overtake her, but you could not turn her.'

'For mercy's sake, madam, a horse! Take pity on my misery.'

The duchess ordered a horse to be saddled, for she had opposed Daphne's design. 'Go,' she said, 'and Heaven guide you both!'

He startled at full gallop: he overtook the carriage in half an hour.

'Daphne, you must go no further!' he said, holding out his hand to the melancholy girl.

'Tis you! cried Daphne, with a look of surprise and joy, soon succeeded by deeper grief than ever.

'Yes, 'tis I! I,' continued the youth, 'who love you as my Daphne, my wife; for my father has listened at last to reason, and agrees to all.'

'But I also have listened to reason, and you know where I am going. Leave me: you are rich, I am poor: you love me to-day; who can say if you will love me to-morrow? We began a delightful dream, let us not spoil it by a bad ending. Let our dream continue unbroken in its freshness and romance. Our crooks are both broken; they have killed two of our sheep; they have cut down the willows in the meadow. You perceive that our bright day is over. The lady I saw yesterday should be your wife. Marry her, then; and if ever, in your hours of happiness, you wander on the banks of the Lignon, my shade will appear to you. But then it shall be with a smile!'

'Daphne! Daphne! I love you! I will never leave you! I will live or die with you!'

It was fifty years after that day, that one evening, during a brilliant supper in the Rue St. Dominique, Gentil Bernard, who was the life of the company, announced the death of an original, who had ordered a broken stick to be buried along with him.

'He is Monsieur de Langevy,' said Fontenelle. 'He was forced against his inclination to marry the dashing Clotilde de Langevy, who eloped so shamefully with one of the Mousquetaires. M. de Langevy had been desperately attached to Bribri Deshoulières; and this broken stick was a crook they had cut during their courtship on the banks of the Lignon. The Last Shepherd is dead, gentlemen; we must go to his funeral.'

'And what became of Bribri Deshoulières?' asked a lady of the party

'I have been told she died very young in a convent in the south,' replied Fontenelle; 'and the odd thing is, that, when they were burying her, they found a crook attached to her horse-hair tunic.'

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE FATAL PICTURE.

BY ABRAHAM ELDER, ESQ.

At the age of twenty-two, Fritz Bartholm returned to his father's house, after having finally completed his education at the university of Heidelberg. During the whole period of his residence there he had studied with that depth and enthusiasm that appears to be almost peculiar to Germany. The old relaxation he allowed himself from his mathematical and other abstruse labors was in running over the legendary lore of German superstition, now dipping into an obsolete work upon astrology or magic, and then returning to the lighter and more amusing accounts of the 'Wild Horseman of the Black Forest,' or similar goblin tales. Of the world that surrounded him he knew nothing, he cared nothing; and, except that he received from it the necessaries of life, he had little connection with mere earthly and corporeal matters.

When he did walk out, it was not to enjoy the fresh air and the sunshine, or even for wholesome exercise; but, after he had crammed his head so full of some difficult subject that it would hold no more, he found he could more easily arrange the ideas with which he had filled his brain by walking than by sitting still. When he was seen strolling along the public streets, with his lips moving, but his eyes observing nothing, he seemed like one walking in his sleep. Even though he had arrived at that susceptible age when youth has ripened into manhood, he never knew what love was. But this was not from want of susceptibility. The mind: the mind was gradually consuming the body. From his books, indeed, he had occasionally received some impressions of female beauty, vague, fantastic ideas of angelic princesses, and of fair virgins, in whom the quintessence of every beauty and every virtue was included. These occasionally visited him in his dreams, and even had been known to intrude themselves upon his thoughts during the hours of study; but, strange as it may appear, it never occurred to him to open his eyes, and look around him, and satisfy himself whether female beauty really did exist in this everyday world.

Well, Fritz, the student, returned to his father's house. Old Bartholm was a dry, sarcastic, business-like man; but, notwithstanding their total difference of character, their meeting was cordial. The room where they met was the old gentleman's small private room, in which he generally sat when alone. It contained no books, for Bartholm was no reader; but there were hung up round the walls an old

rusty rifle and a game-bag, which he used to carry when he was younger; his meerschaum and tobacco-pouch; and, standing upright upon a table, was the picture of a beautiful young lady, apparently about eighteen years of age. The colors of the painting were so fresh, that it appeared to have been newly painted, or, at any rate newly varnished. The color of the cheek was redolent of youth and happiness, which, with the modest, downcast eye, appeared to be blushing at the consciousness of her own beauty.

The conversation soon flagged; for, between two such opposite characters, it may be well supposed that there were not many ideas in common.

After a pause, old Bartholm turned to his son and said, 'Did you ever see anything more beautiful than that, such a heavenly painting of such a beautiful face?'

Fritz looked at the picture, and, for the first time in his life, he appeared to feel the tender influence of female beauty.

While he was gazing intently at the picture, his father asked him whether he could trace any likeness between the portrait and any of his acquaintance?

Fritz, without being able to take his eye from the canvass, replied in the negative.

'Do you trace any likeness between that lady and old Baron von Grunfeld? for it is one of his family.'

Fritz appeared almost to shrink back at the very idea of the relationship; for the Baron was what might be termed a most grotesque-looking man. The profile of his face might be described as a perpendicular straight line, with a large triangular nose projecting from the centre of it. Every part of his features and of his figure was composed of straight lines and sharp angles; in short, his form was as far removed from the lines of beauty as could well be imagined; add to which, his manner was as stiff and formal as his personal appearance.

'Related to the Baron von Grunfeld?' said Fritz, in astonishment.

'Yes, so he says,' dryly remarked old Bartholm, taking a pinch of snuff.

Why, I do not know, but taking a pinch of snuff at the end of a sentence, adds considerably to the dryness of a remark; and in the present instance it effectually deterred Fritz from making any farther inquiries respecting the beautiful form that he saw. Presently old Bartholm retired to his room, and left his son alone with his reflections.

'Old Baron von Grunfeld's daughter! impossible! He might, however, have been united to a beautiful wife, (as he had been a widower for many years;) and what woman, with anything short of the virtue of an angel, could have remained constant to such a caricature of a man?'

His father's remark, and the dry way in which he uttered it, appeared to favor such a suspicion. 'So he says!' To be sure, no man can ever be positively sure of his own offspring. Neighbors will sometimes have their doubts, and so, apparently, it was with his father; but could such a heavenly form really have been a child of sin, the offspring of the iniquity of her parents, and she such a perfect incarnation of innocence and purity? Impossible! He paused, and stood revelling, as it were, in the beauty before him. Such elegance of attitude!—that soft, gently-blushing cheek, that appeared almost to shrink from the caresses of her own auburn tresses, that hung in negligent profusion down her neck; the daughter of Baron von Grunfeld.

'Forbid it, oh ye gods!' he exclaimed, and then walked up and down the room several times in great agitation. 'And is it true that such heavenly creatures really do walk the earth, and are not solely the invention of poets and painters? It must be so, it must be so,' thought he, reasoning to himself. How can a painter draw what he has never seen? How can a poet describe what he has never felt?'

Thus he continued agitating himself with his fluctuating thoughts; but every moment the beauty of the image before him was impressing itself more deeply and indelibly in his heart. At length the student became so much excited, that he lit his pipe, and sallied forth to try the soothing effects of tobacco, and the influence of the fresh air. He could not refrain from inquiring the residence of the Baron, who was only a temporary resident in the neighborhood, but without any settled intention of calling upon him. His excitement was indeed such that he scarcely knew what he was about. Several times he passed the door, without making up his mind whether he should visit him or not. Their acquaintance, indeed, was but slight, and they had not met for many years; still there would have been nothing embarrassing in calling upon the old gentleman, had it not been for the intense agitation occasioned by everything in any way connected with the object of his adoration.

A person hackneyed in the ways of the world will not, perhaps, be able to appreciate these feelings, nor understand the trifles that will stir up emotions in the mind of a youth so long secluded from the ordinary intercourse of mankind, and whose mind had been for a length of time feeding, as it were, upon his own imaginings. He did not know how, but it was possible that his visit might turn out to be injurious to his hopes. Again, he might meet her there, standing before him in all her bewitching loveliness. This thought, the dearest object of his wishes, was also an object of his dread. There is no intense love without a

certain fear and tremor in the presence of the object beloved; and in a mind constituted like Fritz's, all these feelings would be increased a hundred fold. In the state of agitation he was then in, thought he, he might not be likely to make a favorable impression upon her. He let go the door-bell, that he then actually held in his hand, and took another turn; but the further he retired from the door the higher his courage mounted, and the more his desire to see with his own eyes this angel upon earth increased. Again, as he approached the door, his courage fell, and he passed it by. Again and again his mind went through the same process, and with the same result. At length, ashamed of his own cowardice, he made a vow that, when next he passed the door, whatever his state of mind might be, he would ring, and ask admittance. He did so; the Baron was at home. He received Fritz with extreme kindness and civility, such as is often shown by dull, prosy old gentlemen, who begin to find themselves laid upon the shelf as bores, when they are visited by a man many years their junior. Fritz inquired after his health. He ducked, and bowed, and jerked, and returned the compliment in due form. Fritz then, with a wonderful effort, mustered up courage to hope that his family were quite well.

"All quite well, with many thanks," was the sweeping, and yet unsatisfactory, reply.

They talked of the weather, they talked of the crops, they talked of the wars; but nothing was elicited that bore any reference to the object of Fritz's adoration.

Had he a daughter? was he quite sure of that? thought Fritz to himself, as he left the house. He made inquiries among the neighbors; for he was too much afraid of the sarcastic humor of his father to inquire of him.

He had a daughter.

About what age?—Eighteen.

Fritz's heart leaped within him, and bumped, and bumped, as if it would have knocked out one or two of his ribs. Little did he sleep that night, and the next day his father found him a very uncongenial companion. Should he call upon the Baron again? It did not appear likely that such a course would advance his hopes. It might do him harm. Besides, the Baron's formal, priggish manner acted like a wet blanket to his romantic day-dreams.

He passed the day in wandering about by himself, seldom, however, going out of sight of the Baron's door. Hour after hour passed, and no female foot crossed the threshold, except one middle-aged woman, who had the appearance of being a servant. As, however, the dusk of evening began to close in, the Baron's door was gently opened, and a slender female form

glided forth. There appeared to be a kind of bashful timidity in her manner as she came forth into the street. Her waist was slender and exquisitely turned, and all her movements were graceful; but her features, alas! alas! the darkest, thickest, closest veil concealed her countenance. Fritz felt confident, that it was the lady of the picture. Who else could it be? so graceful, so elegant, so bashful. An attentive listener might have heard his heart beat at the other side of the street.

Should he venture to address her? Alas! his nerves were in such a state of agitation, that the attempt would have been impossible; besides, how alarmed the timid girl would have been to be thus accosted. She would, doubtless, have shrieked, and rushed back into her father's house for protection. He ground his teeth together in a kind of despair, to think that he should be so near the object of his adoration, and yet make no effort to advance his suit. The lady, however, appeared not to notice her admirer, who was standing under the shadow of a wall; but tripped across the street, and disappeared in a shop. Fritz contrived to be near the door when she came out. The dark veil, however, still concealed every feature of her face; but, happily, one ringlet, one long, slender, auburn ringlet had escaped from its confinement, and waved gracefully its spiral form as she glided by.

Fritz clasped his hands, and squeezed them violently together, in the ecstasy of his feelings. The lady soon re-entered her father's door; and Fritz returned unwillingly home to his sarcastic and matter-of-fact father. The next day Fritz strolled about, as the day before, keeping as much in the neighborhood of the Baron's as he could do without exciting observation. In the dusk of the evening the Baron's door opened, and the same elegant, slender-waisted female emerged into the street. But the same dark, close veil shrouded every feature of her countenance. She did not cross over to the shop this time, but walked to nearly the end of the street, and then turned down another, as if she was going some distance.

Fritz followed her a little apart, taking care not to attract her attention. What his object was in following her he could hardly tell, for he felt that he could muster up courage to address her. What should he say to her? He had never addressed a lady in his life without a formal introduction; and then the lady generally began the conversation. But, then, it was possible that some sort of adventure might arise. She might be attacked by robbers, and he might rush in to her rescue; or some prince in disguise might attempt to seize upon her, and carry her off, with no virtuous intentions.

Fritz's studies in the old German romances told him that such things used to be of frequent occurrence; and Fritz was better acquainted with German romances than with real life. The lady, however, without molestation, passed up two or three streets, and at length knocked at a door, which was opened by an elderly female, whom she followed in.

What was to be done now? Should he wait till she came out; and follow her back again in hopes of some adventure turning up? Although, in the romances that he read, a young lady seldom left the portal of her father's castle by herself without some attack being made upon her, particularly when her own true knight was near enough to her to come to her rescue; still, he could not recollect any instance of such things happening in real life. And if such an adventure did not occur, the occasion so opportune for making an acquaintance with his beloved one might be lost—for ever lost.

At length it struck him that he might accost her, and tell her the risk she ran in exposing herself, thus unprotected, to every danger, and assure her that he would be near her in case of danger. He clapped his hands together in delight at the idea. The only difficulty was the mustering up courage sufficient to accost her.

The lady came forth again, to return to her father's dwelling; but Fritz felt his trembling again come over him. He pinched himself to give him courage, a curious expedient! but which appeared, in the present instance, to be successful. He did accost her; he told her that numerous robberies had been committed of late; but that he would continue to be near her to afford her protection in case of need. She started, and seemed frightened at being spoken to by a strange man in that lonely spot; for the streets were beginning to be deserted.

Fritz's courage, it must be confessed, rather to his own surprise, rose with the exigency. He begged her not to be afraid of him; that he was the son of the Count von Bartholm, an old friend of her father's. That, if she wished it, he would follow her upon the other side of the street, and still keep his protecting eye over her. The lady expressed herself highly indebted to him for his kindness in thinking of her, and thanked him fervently for his offer of seeing her safe home.

Fritz continued to walk close by her side; but not a word could he muster to ingratiate himself with his fair one; indeed, so great was his agitation, that his tongue absolutely clave to the roof of his mouth. At length they came to a crossing, which was dirty, and impeded by heaps of rubbish. Fritz offered his arm;

it was accepted; but, when they had passed the difficulty, he did not withdraw it.

Presently a drunken man came reeling down one of the side streets; the lady seemed to be frightened, and pressed closer to him for protection. Fritz at that moment felt the thrilling joy of perfect happiness. He squeezed her arm closer in his, to re-assure her. He felt his courage rise within him. He told how he had seen her go into the house, and how he had waited for her that might not be obliged to return home unprotected.

She expressed her gratitude by a gentle pressure of the arm, which Fritz gallantly returned with a slight squeeze; and in this manner they returned to the Baron's dwelling. She again thanked him for his attentions, and retired. During the whole of this walk with Fritz her veil was never, for a single moment, raised, or allowed to fall the least on one side. Not a feature of her countenance had her admirer been allowed to see! 'What could be her object,' thought Fritz, 'in keeping herself always so closely veiled?' There was a mystery attending her that he in vain attempted to dive into. But this very mystery made her tenfold dearer to the romantic German student.

The next evening Fritz contrived to fall in with her during her evening walk. The third evening he was not contented with protecting her home, but he walked out with her also. This continued evening after evening. Sometimes they even walked for a mile or two into the country together. But, notwithstanding all this growing kindness between them, the veil was never for an instant removed.

At length, emboldened by this constant intercourse with his fair one, he ventured an attempt to persuade her to lay aside her veil. 'Why will you,' he said, 'always keep yourself veiled? you, who are so far more beautiful than the rest of your sex?' No sooner had he uttered the word 'beautiful,' than the lady stopped short in her walk, snatched her hand suddenly from his arm, and apparently was going to say something in anger to Fritz. He, however, prevented her by begging a thousand pardons for his conduct, protesting that he had not the slightest intention of giving her the smallest offence. In the midst of his protestations she extended her hand to him, saying, 'I see you did not intend it; let us forget it.'

He took her arm again, and they walked on together. The lady heaved a deep sigh, that seemed to come from the bottom of her heart; and, after walking on for some little time in silence, Fritz heard a half-suppressed sob; another, and another! At length a tear fell upon his hand. They reached her home. She pressed his hand at parting, and retired into the house, with-

out speaking another word. Fritz returned to his father's house, pondering in his mind the present curious position of affairs. No sooner does he tell his mistress that she is beautiful, than she, the meekest of the meek, draws herself up, as if she had received an insult. But, no sooner does he beg pardon, than she cries all the rest of the way home. Neither his knowledge of the world, nor his reading of romance, taught him to expect such results as these. The mystery that hung over the lady appeared to be deeper than ever.

Little did Fritz sleep that night; but lay awake, thinking of this mysterious love. But, the more he considered the matter, the less could he understand it. The next evening they walked together as usual; but the lady appeared to be very melancholy. Sometimes he thought he heard a suppressed sob. She spoke but little; and their walk was much shorter than usual. When they had returned to her father's door, she pressed his hand as she wished him good night; and then added with a deep sigh, 'If we should not meet again on this side of Eternity, think sometimes of the unfortunate daughter of the Baron von Grunfeld!'

Fritz returned home very sorrowful. Long did he lay awake that night; and at length—for the truth must be told—he sobbed himself to sleep. The ominous, foreboding words, and the deep sigh, had sunk deep into his heart. But what could be her meaning? What did her words forebode? he knew no more than the dead. In the morning he went into his father's little room to take one more look at the picture, as of an object that he might never, never see again. The picture was gone. When he met his father, he asked him what had become of it. His father said that it had been packed up to be sent to the Baron's country-house; it had only been left with him to get cleaned and new-varnished.

'And was it really,' asked Fritz, 'the portrait of his daughter?'

'The portrait of his daughter!' said old Bartholm, diving to the very bottom of his snuff-box, and then, heaping up a small pyramid of snuff upon his thumb, he crammed it up his nostrils, and then, sniffing it up with a long-draw breath, as if he were enjoying it amazingly, he repeated, 'The portrait of his daughter! it is a picture by Titian, more than two centuries old! a portrait of the Baron's great-great-grandmother; at least, so he says. By the way, did you ever hear the account of his unfortunate daughter?'

Fritz shook his head; his heart was too full to reply.

'Well! his daughter was rather an amiable, agreeable girl; and, considering who was her father, she had rather a pretty fig-

ure than otherwise. But her face, unfortunately, was the very image of the Baron's; the same rectangular features, the same carrot hair.'

Fritz twisted about uneasily. But old Bartholm, who was looking at the lid of his snuff-box, did not perceive it.

'Well,' continued he, 'this was not misfortune enough; for, last year, she was attacked by small-pox, which destroyed one eye, and scarified her face to a dreadful extent: now this, added to an erysipelas, or some eruptive complaint, has made her appearance so horrible that she never appears before strangers; and seldom walks out before dusk, and then closely veiled. But the queerest part of the story is to come. I received a letter from the Baron just now, stating that they left this place at five o'clock this morning, and that his daughter is going to take the veil; and has made him solemnly promise never to tell where the convent is situated, or even the direction in which they are now travelling. Why, she does not really suppose that any one is likely to fall in love, and try to run away with her!'

Here he broke out into a chuckling laugh, and finished with another long-drawn pinch of snuff. Here old Bartholm left the room. Fritz struck his hand against his forehead, staggered, and then fell senseless to the ground.

How dreadful were his sensations when he came to himself! The object of his intense adoration, the only object that he had ever loved, was, as it were, split into two parts. The beautiful features he had almost worshipped belonged to one who had died more than two centuries ago. The gentle mind and elegant figure of his beloved were immured in a convent nobody knew where. He could not mourn over the remains of her whom he loved; for there were no remains to mourn over. The very dust of one portion of his beloved must long ago have been resolved into the elements, even if the place of her sepulture was still remembered. The other half, not having died, had left no remains at all. Her, that is, the more recent half of his beloved, he could not even follow, had he so desired; for the place of her retirement was unknown. Nor had he that relief common to all the rest of the afflicted, of telling his grief, without becoming an object of ridicule. He allowed the sense of his unheard-of misfortune to prey inwardly upon his mind. A fortnight passed; and from the steeple of St. Peter's tolled the knell of death. The miserable student was no more. His mind had destroyed his body.

Let his fate be a warning to all young men never to fall in love with the beauty of a lady before they have seen her face.



From the London Illustrated News.

LORD BROUGHAM.

'A very gifted gentleman, a worthy friend of mine, M. de Tocqueville, absolutely wrote a book and made a speech a short time back, in which he said the right of search was never heard of before; it was a horrible measure, because it was to be exercised in what he called the solitude of the ocean; and further, he said it was more intolerable, because it left one foreign country to decide on the measures of another foreign country. Marvellous ignorance of the whole question! M. de Tocqueville should be more accurate as to the facts; he ought to know, if not the X Y Z, at least the A B C of his subject, before he undertakes to discuss the merits of a question of which his ignorance at present is so extraordinary—so incredibly profound.'

Is not the above extract of one of Lord Brougham's latest speeches a most characteristic touch of the great schoolmaster as

well as of the man. How easily and gracefully does the noble ex-Chancellor annihilate the pretensions of his worthy friend' With what inimitable irony does Lord Brougham convict the 'very gifted gentleman' of utter ignorance on the subject about which he (M. de Tocqueville,) 'absolutely wrote a book and made a speech.'

Seriously speaking, Lord Brougham's first attack on his absent friend, and on a distinguished foreigner and writer, was signalized by much discretion and good taste; but in the tone and temper of his lordship's reply to the very intemperate, and even coarse, communication of M. de Tocqueville, there is much to admire. Lord Brougham is not famed, generally speaking, for his moderation and delicacy when attacked, but in this instance he seems to have changed characters with M. de Tocqueville, who has the reputation of being a remarkably temperate and inoffensive person. It results from the very curious correspondence that has been ex-

changed between these two distinguished disputants, that one of the most eminent men in France has been writing and speaking on a subject in total ignorance of its right bearings, and that the French Legislative Chamber, without distinction of men or parties, has completely shared this ignorance. In short, to place the controversy in the fewest words—that France who has been relying on the United States as the steady opponent of the principle of the right of search, has been unaware that the Americans at one time actually agreed to a right of search stronger than the one that is now exercised by the Great Powers by virtue of the treaties of 1831, 1833, and 1841.

Now, whatever may be the merits of the mere personal controversy, it must be admitted that Lord Brougham has rendered an essential service to his country, and to Europe generally, by his happy exposure. It is of inestimable value as regards America, for after the high sounding pretensions of the transatlantic statesmen, it is really quite 'refreshing' (we believe we use a word of Lord Brougham's coining) to have their inconsistencies set forth, just as their good faith has been shown up by the awkward disclosures relative to the boundary dispute.

We can feel, therefore, a pleasure in gracing our columns with the portrait of Harry Brougham, for we liked him best when he was the bold, daring and uncompromising opponent of slavery—when he was the eloquent, accomplished advocate of popular education—when he was the courageous counsel at the bar of the House of Peers, defending the honor of an oppressed queen—when he was introducing in the Legislature his great legal reforms—when he was the independent member of Parliament, working for his country's weal. We have liked him less as the political partisan or party man; we have not admired him in hisameleon changes; we have smiled often at his charlatan pranks, and we have pitied him sincerely, when he has descended to be the mere mountebank. With all his faults we love him still. He is a man of whom we have reason to be proud. Advocate, legislator, abolitionist, reformer, schoolmaster, peer, and Chancellor, still there is Harry Brougham.

This is not the place, nor perhaps the fitting period, for a biography of this distinguished legislator. It is history which must hereafter decide whether Lord Brougham is to be classed amongst the patriots and benefactors of his country. We shall not enter here on the charges of rashness, folly and instability brought against him by his enemies. It is posterity which will judge most accurately his efforts to improve the condition of the labor-

ing classes by the march of education. But one grand experiment—one great work—speaks to home our natural feelings to be unnoticed here. Lord Brougham is the parent of the new Poor-law-Bill. He was the daring innovator on the humanity of the Elizabethian code. Lord Brougham's panacea for England's social misery has been a wretched failure. He has neither raised the character of the peasant and operative, nor has he yet found resources for the humane provision of the indigent. He has subjected the honest laborer to oppression and cruelty: he has attacked the dearest ties of kindred, and yet has the Poor-law-Bill failed to reduce the rates of the tax payer, to alleviate the distress of the industrious artisan, and to reduce the quantum of human suffering in the country.

Lord Brougham's political and parliamentary career has been marked by curious changes. It is difficult to follow him in his oscillations and tergiversations. The extraordinary evolutions of his fertile mind escape the most sharp sighted vision. His ever varying physiognomy is the type of his mind. The rapidity of his sensations is only equalled by the volubility of his speech. He is all parentheses, and his crotchets are innumerable. He is never still. His moving mind is described by his perpetual motion. He has talked, perhaps, more than any human being breathing, not excepting that greatest but one of talkers, Louis Philippe. The king of the French and Lord Brougham are sworn friends. His citizen Majesty likes his original '*ami Anglais*.' The ex-Chancellor, in one of his freaks took a chateau at Cannes. This is a small harbor in the Mediterranean, in the department of the Var, only 238 leagues from Paris. Napoleon landed at Cannes in 1815, after his flight from Elba, and Brougham dropped anchor there after his quondam friends the Whigs have deprived him of the cares of the wool-sack. Some persons remarked to Chateaubriand, 'Why, what can possess Lord Brougham to choose his country house at such an obscure gulph?' 'Ah!' replied the great statesman and writer, '*ces Anglais* are singular beings. They select the most out of the way places for their *maisons de campagne*. I know one who had his country residence in Greece, whose habitation was periodically pillaged during his absence, which did not prevent him from going there regularly every year to make his promenade.'

LORD BROUGHAM.

Lord Brougham is the most indefatigable of men. When he visits Cannes he generally seizes the occasion to pass two or three days in Paris, and then everybody is sure to see him somewhere. From the

earliest hour he pays his visits. If he finds a Frenchman in his bed, no matter, he will see him; if his friend be in a bath, *n'importe*, Lord Brougham talks to him as if he were on a parliamentary bench, instead of floating in a marble or a metal vessel. At breakfast or in his study, it is all the same, in his lordship bolts having no bar to his discretion. As he can pour forth a larger quantity of words within a given period than the most voluble of Gallicans, Lord Brougham disposes of an immense number of visits within a brief space. Men of no parties are exempt from his visitation. At the Tuilleries he is a most welcome guest. The wordy warfare between him and Louis Philippe is generally very animated, although, strange to say, the Republicans once contemplated asking Lord Brougham to be their counsel before the Court of Peers, in one of the *process monstres* which have taken place since the Revolution. If his lordship had pleaded, it would have been amusing to the French, for although fluent in the language, his pronunciation is rather ludicrous. Lately some persons began building opposite his villa at Cannes, and Lord Brougham had an opportunity of judging law in France. On his inquiring whether by the terms of his lease, he could not abate the nuisance of being overlooked, he was informed there was no remedy. What, exclaimed his lordship indignantly to an English Friend, 'are there no laws in this country?' 'Oh, yes!' replied his consoler, 'there are thousands of laws, but there is little justice for the natives, and certainly none for an Englishman.'

Lord Brougham is, after all, one of the most agreeable of men, despite his gossiping propensities. He is universally admired in society, and is an especial favorite of the fairer portion. Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham, with their rivalry of position and politics, are sworn friends; and it would not be quite decorous for the world generally to be aware of the great pranks and practical jokes these two chancellors have committed together, and for aught we know, are still perpetrating. They are like two schoolboys in their jokes and in their affections.

We question whether Lord Brougham, with his universal knowledge, has a very patient investigation of first principles. His perception is rapid, but it may be doubted whether he looks far into the past and his glance at the future is very limited. He has been a Whig, and something more. He has been a Tory, and something less. He may be classed as a Conservative, and he might be ranked as a Republican. He has been a great leveller in the march of mind. When he rises to support a motion, the odds are that his arguments will annihilate it. The troubled

ocean is not more disturbed than the tides of his mind. You never can tell how the current may go with him. There is an inundation of words, a perpetual flow of fresh ideas, but the precise tendency of them it is tantalizing to attempt to seize. Take Lord Brougham's speech, for example on the right of search, which has excited the ire of M. de Tocqueville. What a cosmopolite is the noble lord. He is in turn, English, American, and even French! Yes, even French. Lord Brougham, a Frenchman! We incline to suspect that, after his withering exposure of their right of search hubbub, our neighbors on the other side of the channel will not naturalize him. His lordship will have seen by M. de Tocqueville that he has not even got his civil rights. One might be afflicted at Lord Brougham's harangue for all nations if we had not the confident expectation that he will, one of the days, favor us with one of the patriotic bursts of Harry Brougham's time. Until then we must take our leave of him. It scarcely required the talent of our artist to leave an impression of him in the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, for his lordship is of a mould that is stamped forever in the memory of England and Englishmen.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

THE MYSTERIOUS MANSION.

In the reign of Bluff King Harry the Eighth there was a capital messuage in Chelsea, called Chelsea hall. The monarch had caused it to be built, intending to make it a nursery for his children, and made Sir Francis Bryan keeper of it for life. Now these are facts, and we merely mention them, in case any one should doubt all or any part of what we shall hereafter assert about Chelsea in this veritable story. Nay more, this old manor-house, as it was afterwards called, stood near the church, and was in architecture exactly like St. James's palace. After the monarch's death, it became the residence of Queen Katherine Parr, his widow, who was afterwards the wife of Lord Sudley.

At this period there was but one passable road in the village, which was a private one, and it led directly to this sombre-looking royal mansion across the open fields. In traversing this road at this time, the passenger necessarily crossed a footbridge, called Blandel Bridge in old days, although, from the many murders committed in its vicinity by highwaymen, the name became vulgarized, and it hath ever since been called Bloody Bridge.

Across this dangerous structure, then, on a somewhat dark and tempestuous night in the aforesaid year of our Lord 1547, a tall figure was passing; the night, I have

already said, was dark, and the wind rather high, consequently the wayfarer had plucked his bonnet over his brow, and held his head rather down than up; not that he was altogether either a stranger to the evil repute of the neighborhood, or careless of danger, since he wore his furred cloak more over the left arm than the right, as was customary in those days; for, as there were then neither gas-lamps nor New Police in fashion, your traveller knew no protection but the cross of the sword. The personage we have mentioned had but barely passed the bridge, when, in his haste, he ran full butt against a cavalier, who was advancing from the opposite direction; and so perfectly had both been absorbed in thought, that the collision was none of the softest.

To be run against, in the dark, in those days was generally a prelude to being run through; and, accordingly, in a twinkling two blades leaped from their scabbards, as the wearers stepped a pace or two back, and clashed across each other on the defensive.

'How mean ye by that, ruffian?' said the personage we have first mentioned; 'you knocked all the breath out of my body.'

'Nay, fair sir,' replied the other, 'I may inquire the same of you, since I also have received as rude a buffet.'

'Heard ye not,' continued the first traveller, 'that I was crossing the bridge? A murrain take ye! are ye drunk, or some thief in the dark?'

'Again I may inquire the same of you, since I am equally as ignorant of your purpose as you of mine.'

During this short colloquy both speakers had worn round, as the nautical saying is, towards that point of the compass in which their destination lay. They had made neither thrust nor parry; but each lightly touched his adversary's blade, as a sort of feeler in the murky night to keep the foe at bay.

'Is it peace or war with us, then?' continued the first speaker, drawing gradually off.

'Whichever you will,' returned the other. 'I am a soldier, and have nothing to lose. Peace would be most welcome to me in this dismal neighborhood; but war's my trade. An' you will cut my windpipe, you must fight for 't, that's all.'

'You mistake, good soldier,' said the other, dropping his point. 'I am a passenger like yourself, and rather pressed for time. Farewell—and a safe passage across these fields.'

Just at this moment the moon, shining from behind a cloud, discovered the faces of the speakers, and both uttered an exclamation of surprise.

'What, Gaspar Peyton,' cried the first

wayfarer, 'is it thou? Why, what make you here?'

'My Lord of Sudley,' said the other, 'I cry you mercy. My hand should have been hacked off at the wrist ere I drew upon my benefactor, had I known him.'

'Tis better where it is, brave Peyton,' said the noble, stepping up and shaking his friend heartily by the offending member. 'When did you arrive in England? I marvel you came not to me soon as you landed.'

'Nay, my good lord, I came but yesternight to Chelsea. My company are billeted here upon the inhabitants of this and the neighboring town of Battersea. 'Twas my intent to have sought ye out this night.'

Whilst the conversation we have recorded was taking place between the Lord Sudley and his companion, they had been progressing onwards in the direction of the building we have before mentioned, Chelsea hall. A lone house loomed directly before them; in their progress they must necessarily pass it, since the path they traversed lay close to its buttressed walls.

'Our roads to-night,' said the noble, 'gallant Peyton, as through life, lie in different directions. I must to my business at Chelsea hall, you to your quarters and charge of foot. To-morrow, then, I shall expect your coming. Farewell. You shall find me at Whitehall.'

Just as the friends were about to part, their steps were arrested, and their attention drawn towards the building whose flanking wall they stood beside. The house was a large and somewhat gloomy-looking edifice, such as might at that day have pertained to some wealthy merchant. It stood upon that identical spot of ground where the sixth house now stands from what is at present called *Don Saltero's Coffeehouse*. It was dismal-looking, fortress-like, and ominous in appearance.—Untenanted, too, it seemed at first sight, since not a particle of light was to be observed through the crevices of its carefully closed-up windows. It was surrounded by a low, thick, buttressed wall; and its fore-court was choked up with weeds, and its garden in rear overgrown with chickweed, darnel, hemlock, and wild parsley.

'What, in the name of the fiend, is that?' said Peyton, stopping just as he had turned, after bidding his friend farewell.—'Heard ye those sounds from yonder mansion? Hark again, the baying of hounds too.'

'What house is this?' said Sudley. 'Hark, that sound again. And now listen. The noise is somewhat of the oddest: 'tis as if a water-mill was working.'

Lord Sudley and his friend turned the corner of the inclosure, and approached along the front of the building; not a light was to be seen. They advanced, and tried

the outer gate, it was locked. Across the road, not many yards in front, flowed what poets call the Silver Thames, now agitated by the furious blast of a January night, and thick as pitch. A row of tall trees then, as now, grew along its margin; and the wind, roaring through their branches, sounded like the rush of a mighty cataract.

'How strange,' said Sudley. 'Those wailing cries and that measured beat are singularly horrible in the night-winds. Methought I saw a figure gliding amongst yonder trees. By heavens! it stands there now, beside the river's margin. I'll cross it.' So saying, the Lord Sudley advanced with a quick step, followed by his friend, towards the river's bank. The moon now again did them the favor to dismiss some of the dark fleeting clouds which had veiled her gracious visage, and the Lord Sudley found he had not been mistaken: a man stood quietly leaning against the trunk of one of the tall elms we have mentioned. 'How now, friend?' said he; 'you keep quiet guard there. What's your business at this dead hour of the night? and who and what are you?'

'Who are you?' returned the figure, 'and what's your business at this time o' the night, since you come to that?'

'Suffice it, sirrah!' returned Sudley, 'that I am of sufficient authority to make you render an account of yourself. Come forwards, sir, lest I assail you where you stand, and pin you to the tree.'

'It shall not need,' said the figure, stepping from beside the elm. 'Since you say you are authorised to ask the question, I'll answer it briefly. Know, then, that I am Peter Uppermost Huffkin, headbailiff of Battersea bone-house, and supervisor of Chelsea Reach.'

'And your business here?' said Sudley.

'Watching that house yonder.'

'What house is that, and who lives there?'

'Nay, I would you could tell me that: I think it's haunted. It's an outrage and a nuisance upon the whole neighborhood, that house. It'll scare all the respectable folks away from the town, it will. There's not a person would pass within a quarter of a mile of its walls after sun-down for a whole cap-full of bezants. I saw you dodging about it, and I stopped to watch you.'

'Strange,' said Sudley. 'Let us try and gain admittance.'

'I wish you may,' said Peter Huffkin. 'Do try an' if you will, so you don't ask me in too. It's the Devil's headquarters, I think that house. Hear to 'em now!—there's a pretty concert for you.'

'Perhaps 'tis a mill at work,' said Sudley, once more crossing over to the front of the mansion, followed by the others.

'We see no lights at any of the windows,' said Peyton; 'it can't be that. Stay, I hear a noise at the main entrance. Hark! some one is surely unbarring the fore-door. See, it slowly open—no light yet.'

'Slink by, and note them,' said Sudley, stealing along towards the angle of the wall. 'There is some infernal business going on here, some deed of shame, take my word for 't.'

The wall in front of this mysterious mansion was somewhat lower than on the back and sides, and was garnished at the top with short iron rails. Lord Sudley and his friends, therefore, posted themselves at the right-hand angle, and, popping their heads just above the parapet, watched the event in breathless impatience and painful expectation.

'Wear your rapier bare,' whispered Peyton to his friend. 'If we see necessity, we'll strike in.'

'Silence!' said the noble; 'the door is still open, but no one appears. Suppose we scale the wall, leap the railing, and make in? Hark! now the portal is open. What an awful beating. It seems deep below the foundation of the house. And hear their cries—'tis like some perturbed spirit in Pandemonium. I'll hear no more but in to the rescue; follow or not as you will.'

'Stay,' returned Peyton, holding his friend back: 'behold yon tall shadowy figure even now descending the steps—mark how it glowers around, to see that no one is near. Be cautious; crouch beneath the parapet.'

'Quoit that gaping Huffkin down,' said Sudley, who had stooped; do you alone watch, Peyton. What seest thou?'

'The figure beckons, my lord,' said Peyton, 'and some half-dozen men, carrying either coffins or sacks upon their shoulders, have emerged. They approach the gate—the tall figure shuts and locks up the house-door. They are now passing the outer gate. Silent as the grave. They have taken the way towards the Thames.'

Meanwhile the noise of the wheel, or whatever else it might be, was stilled, and the mansion was wrapped in silence.

'Now for it,' said Huffkin, leaping up; 'let's scale the parapet, and storm the house ere those beings return. Laden as they are, we can overtake them afterwards. Come on.'

No sooner said than done. They, however, made no discovery. The windows of the house were all boarded up, and painted red; and although the sounds, when close before it, were even more mysterious and horrible than at a distance, the door, which was strong enough to have belonged to a Scotch tolbooth, being locked, resisted all their efforts to gain an entrance. Once more, therefore, regaining the outside of

the walls, they followed in search of the figures Peyton had seen pass the gates.

'Follow,' said Huffkin. 'Excuse me, sirs; I'll be the great-toe in this chase, and go foremost. These fellows made for the river's bank.'

'I fear we are too late,' said Peyton: 'I hear the sound of oars. They have taken boat.'

It was even so; they arrived at the water-side just time enough to see the dark outline of a boat disappear in the gloom, whilst the vigorous pull of the rowers against wind and tide sounded less and less as the distance increased.

'Now the red plague rot them!' said Huffkin: 'they've given me the slip again. Hillo; ho, ho, boat there: we want to come aboard.'

'Spare your breath, Mister deputy Supervisor,' said Peyton. 'We've fairly lost the scent.'

'Hark,' said Sudley; as I live the boat has turned. Listen. I hear the stroke of oars, nearer and more near. Now, gentlemen, be firm, and we have them. Retire behind this tree.'

The boat was evidently approaching. Presently its prow was driven deep into the slimy bank, and a man instantly leaped ashore.

'Now, my hearties,' said he, hitching up his slops, 'fasten the boat, and come along.'

'I arrest you in the king's name,' said Sudley, stepping forwards, and laying his hand upon the stranger.

'I say, belay there, will you?' said the boatman. 'What, three upon one! Here, Greyhounds, to the rescue. Some d—d lawyers are clapper-clawing me. Bats and clubs, men; bats and clubs.'

Half a dozen stout seamen upon this leaped ashore in a twinkling, and, assailing Sudley, Peyton, and Huffkin with thick oaken towels, which they opposed to their rapiers, a desperate and noisy encounter instantly took place.

Two to one is great odds; and our three friends were fain to give ground, with difficulty keeping their assailants at bay. The spit-like and tremendous rapier of Harry the Eighth's reign, however, was a murderous weapon in the hands of a good swordsman; consequently, if the boatmen failed in surrounding the trio, it was not so hard to keep them off. My Lord Sudley, however, being opposed to the man who first leapt on shore, and who had also drawn a sword, had more to contend against than his fellows.

'Hold,' he said, after a few rounds, in which he had wounded both his opponents with his long spit. 'There is some mistake here. These are not the persons we seek. A truce, my masters. What men are you?'

'John Grice I,' said the foremost, 'captain of the ship of war called the 'Grey-

hound.' What the h— do you take us for, you lubberly landsharks? and what for do you pink us when we come ashore after a long voyage?'

'We took you for some villains,' said Huffkin, who have made themselves pestiferous in the noses of the community, and become an unpleasant savor to the inhabitants of this town.'

'Do you board men like this,' said the sailor, 'because they are not perfumed with civet and ambergris, you stupid barber-mongers. Why, here's my coxswain smells of pitch and tar. Tom Turly here reeks of salt junk and oakum, and we all on 's smell more of the hold of the Greyhound than of the perfume of some curious glover. Shiver my topsails, I've half a mind to teach you respect for the service. Here, Greyhounds, give it 'em again.'

'Hold,' said Sudley, 'I am the Lord High Admiral; I forbid the combat. You know me now, Captain Grice.'

'My Lord of Sudley,' said the captain of the Greyhound, 'I ask your pardon. There is, indeed, some mistake, I see.'

'Mass, I think there be,' said Huffkin: 'these are not our men, then, after all? Did you meet a boat, or hear a boat, or see a boat, Captain Greyhound, as you pulled ashore?'

'Grice, messmate; Grice,' said the captain, sheathing his sword. 'Why, yes, I did hail a lubberly-looking craft a few minutes ago. We nearly ran aboard her. They were busy, apparently heaving something overboard, and didn't keep a lookout.'

'Strange,' said Sudley. 'Do you think we could come up with them, captain, if we gave chase in your boat?'

'Nay, the chances are they're t'other side by this time. However, my lord, I'm at your service. We'll try.'

'All hands on board, then,' said the noble.

The captain steered right across the stream: when near the middle, 'This,' said he, 'is about the spot where we fell in with the boat you seek. We'd best pull straight across, and look out for the craft on the other side.' They did so; but, although the dawn was now breaking, and, consequently, they were enabled to see along the shore for some distance, no boat was to be observed.

'My word for't,' said Huffkin, 'they've pulled further up the stream, landed, and gone to Battersea. That's our only chance. Land us here, captain, and let us follow them.' The Lord High Admiral making no objection, Mr. Uppermost Huffkins order was obeyed; and, leaving the boat's crew in waiting, our three friends, accompanied by Captain Grice, proceeded across the open meadows, and entered the town of Battersea. The town was still partial-

ly wrapped in slumber, when the *quartette* entered the first hotel they found open, and, walking straight into the kitchen, where glowed a most comfortable sea-coal fire, they felt so comforted by its genial influence that they almost forgot their errand.

'Drop all titles here,' said Sudley aside to his companions. 'Now, host, we're cold and hungry, give us wherewith to break our fast, and a flask of muscadine to begin with. Your health, sirs. Host, your liquor is good, excellent.'

'Ay, bullies,' returned the host, 'it's of the right vintage, that liquor; it's superlative, neither more nor less. I'm reckoned to draw the best draught in Battersea. Repeat the dose, my masters, as the leech hath it.'

'You've had guests somewhat of the earliest, landlord, this morning,' said Sudley. 'It's the early bird that picks up the worm, eh?'

'Perhaps 'tis, p'raps t'arnt,' said the other, growing sulky on the sudden. 'How know ye I've had guests here?'

'Suffice it I do know, landlord,' said Sudley. 'Who and what are they?'

'La, you there, now, returned the host, 'an' ye know of my guests, ye peradventure know of their calling. If I were to cross-examine every ill-favored customer that comes to the Chequers, I might in time grow as knowing as yourself. Did I ask *your* name and business when you entered, bully, eh?'

'You are somewhat round with us, said Sudley. 'I speak as having authority. I am in the commission, sirrah. Answer without prevaricating (for I see you are cognoscent of the matter,) who is the present owner of the house at Chelsea, from which your guests came this morning, and what's his trade or profession?'

'Nay, fair sir,' returned the host, 'ye ask me more than I am able to answer. All I know is, that the foreign Almanzo is the present occupier of the house you hint at.'

'And who may the foreign Almanzo be?' inquired Sudley.

'That I cannot pretend to say, either,' returned the host. 'Some think he's an astrologer; others aver that he's a magician; whilst other's, again, think him neither more nor less than a spy of the Spaniard.'

'What made his people here this morning, landlord?'

'They merely took their morning draught, and wended onwards.'

'Whither bound, messmate?' said Capt. Grice. 'Come, come, you know 'em well enough, an' ye list. A taste of the rope's end on board the Greyhound would soon smarten your knowledge, I dare be sworn.'

'An' ye had me at the gangway for a

century, ye couldn't make me say more than I know, comrade,' returned the host. 'The men ye ask for come hither in their route every week on this blessed day. They come to wet their throats; they go to cut other people's, for aught I know to the contrary.'

'Where went they, knave?' said Sudley, drawing his rapier, and threatening the host. 'Speak, caitiff, or I'll split thy prevaricating tongue, as they cut a jackdaw's.'

'Hold, sir, for God's sake hold your hand,' said the host. 'I rather think they went either back to Chelsea, or else to Fulham.'

'Let's follow without delay,' said Huffkin, starting up from the chimney corner.

Lord Sudley agreeing, they arrested the landlord, and taking him with them, left the Chequers, returned once more to the river, again embarked on board Captain Grice's boat, and pulled for the other side.

Lord Sudley resolved to storm the mysterious mansion without further delay. It was still so early that few of the inhabitants of Chelsea were astir when they arrived. They therefore arranged their plan of attack, and proceeded to action without a moment's delay.

Captain Grice, with the aid of his men, unshipped the tall mast from an anchoring bark, which lay tossing near the bridge, and manning it like a battering ram, one rush sent in the outer gate. They then dashed at one of the boarded up windows, and sword in hand, leaped through the opening, and entered the mysterious mansion. Contrary to their expectation, they met with no opposition; all was darkness and emptiness in the vast apartment they got into.

Huffkin had possessed himself of a lanthorn, and with rapiers bare, they carefully examined each apartment on the ground floor. All were unfurnished, damp-looking, and dilapidated. Mine host, whom Sudley had kept a tight grasp upon, and who had evidently, a manifest reluctance to enter the house, now attempted to dissuade the party from further search. They were, however, resolved on making discovery of the use the mansion had been lately put to, and proceeded to grope their way up the second floor.

Finding no one, however, to question in the upper apartments, they resolved to descend, and search the offices and vaults below. Mine host, who evidently was in some way mixed up with the transactions of the party they were in search of, now showed so much discrimination, and even terror, at descending the stairs leading to the lower regions, that Captain Peyton, who had him in charge, and held him firmly by the collar of his doublet, found some difficulty in dragging him down. Grice, however, assisted him in the de-

ascent with an occasional prick of his ship's cutlass, and the whole party made for the spot where the furious barking of several mastiffs showed that at least there was something of life within the walls. They found these animals were bloodhounds, and the kennels to which they were fastened were so disposed that they most effectually guarded a low door, which led into the vaults of the mansion from the servant's offices.

With some difficulty they managed to beat them back, and gain access to the doorway, and Huffkin, who was ever in the van, cautiously entered the place.

No sooner had he done so, than mine host, with a cry of alarm, took advantage of Captain Peyton's relaxing his hold in his eagerness to see into the interior, and turning upon his heel, fled along the passage they had traversed, up the stairs and out at the door. He stayed not till he had jumped into Captain Grice's boat, unmoored it, and pulled vigorously for the middle of the stream.

Meanwhile the party with caution proceeded into the vault, from which issued so intolerable a stench of villianous drugs that for the first minute or two, they felt as if about to fall reeling to the earth: in fact, Peyton, Sudley and Grice, unable to proceed, returned gasping to the entrance, and were fain to pause for several minutes before they could gain breath for another effort. Not so, Huffkin: he groped his way upon hands and knees, and traversing round a sort of frame which stood before the door, and had evidently been the machine whose beat had sounded so oddly without the walls the night before, he looked forth into the further recesses of the vault.

It was fitted up like a laboratory; a small fire glowed at the further end, and a human figure, 'with age and envy grown into a hoop,' bent over it. Huffkin at once surmised his occupation. He was an alchymist; his beard, which was white as snow, nearly swept the floor upon which he stood. He wore a high crowned cap upon his head, and a long fur-lined gown upon his body. As he pored over the hot coals before him, and busily mixed the drugs which in smell so oppressed Huffkin's sense of breathing, the latter saw that the operator wore a glass mask over his face, as a guard against the infernal fumes of the hell broth he was mixing. He was, evidently perfectly deaf; for, although Huffkin in his carelessness threw down more than one huge bottle of elixir vitæ in his approach towards him, he turned not at the sound of the breaking glass.

At first Huffkin determined to spring up, and seize this living skeleton; but his eye caught sight of half a dozen barrels placed in a row behind his chair, and

which he instantly perceived contained gun powder. The sight turned him sick; he felt he was kneeling upon a mine: the more from his knowledge of the jealousy of extraordinary chemists. It seems that the chemist had caught a glimpse of his figure as he retired, seized upon a red hot bar of iron, and approached the powder barrels.

Rushing headlong amongst his companions, with eyes starting from their sockets, in two words he informed them of their danger; and shrieking out the word gunpowder as he ran, dashed along the passage and made for the fore-door of the mysterious mansion.

The rest of the party took the hint without farther ceremony, and made after him with might and main; the one word 'gunpowder' lending them wings in their upward flight. Just as they gained the exterior of the mansion, a low rumbling sound was heard, and then a dreadful explosion; the entire left wing of the building seemed to slide and settle quietly down; the earth trembled beneath their feet; the scoping stones and walls were scattered about the fore court and garden in rear; and the whole party, pale with fear, escaped to the water's edge.

Such was all that was ever known of the history of the mysterious mansion: the foreigner's who had carried on business there, and who were supposed to be creatures of the person mine host described as the foreign Almanzo, were surmised to have been coiners. They never were again heard of; and the landlord, who, also was missing from that hour, was supposed to have been in league with them, and in fear of being obliged to make further disclosures, escaped in their company beyond sea.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

NOVEL REVENGE.

BY H. R. ADDISON.

A curious feeling with regard to retaliation, or rather revenge, exists among the tribes in India. These people believe that it is a far more severe punishment to the person who has injured them to ruin their fate hereafter, than to inflict any evil on them in this world. I will here give a short sketch of a scene, for the truth of which I can vouch. Major Tomlinson was an officer of high reputation in the army, and also an acting magistrate in the district where he was quartered. Like many others in the "good old times," he held a military and civil commission together, not temporarily but continually; indeed, to a stranger arriving in India, unaware of the habit being general, it seemed most strange indeed to see alternate gazettes, announ-

cing his military promotions and civil changes. But, as the service was never carried on better, or the offices discharged with more zeal than at the period I allude to, it was rather a matter of opinion than regret.

Major Tomlinson was appointed collector not a hundred miles from Poonah. He was selected for the post as an active and zealous young man, who would carry the orders of Government into instant effect; and, as these orders strictly enjoined him to be unremitting in his endeavors to bring the defaulter, whose arrears had been long accumulating to instant settlement, it may be confidently asserted that the situation in which he was placed was anything but a bed of roses.

Taking a tour round his district, he personally inquired into each case, and, amongst others, ordered a native, named Jesserie Synd, instantly to pay up the debt he owed to Government. Jesserie of course pleaded poverty, declared his total inability to liquidate the debt, and threw himself on the compassion and mercy of the collector. A young hand would have been deceived by the apparent despair of the supplicant. Tomlinson, however, was too old a soldier to be thus duped; so he ordered the man either to surrender himself as a prisoner, or instantly to pay down the money. The wily Indian saw that the European was not to be deceived; so, with a look of foiled hypocrisy and malice he instantly counted down the number of rupees required, and, with many a salaam, followed the collector to the end of his village, whence, as soon as he was out of hearing, he poured out on him a volley of maledictions, beyond the power of an Englishman's pen to transcribe.

The following year Major Tomlinson held a court, to which the natives were desired to come, in order to receive (as far as I can recollect) some Government order or it might have been to pay their dues. The fact is of little consequence; suffice it to say, they were ordered to attend, and they did so accordingly.

The collector was sitting in his verandah, his secretary and assistant with several of his household around him, when, amongst those who presented themselves before him, Jesserie Synd appeared, bearing his infant child in his arms. The major had wholly forgotten him, and the manner in which he had been compelled to enforce the payment of his arrears; nor would he now have recognised him, had he not boldly advanced to the foot of the stone steps, at the top of which the collector was sitting, as I before stated, hearing and adjudging the several cases that came before him.

'Do you remember me, sahib?' demanded the native, salaaming to the ground.

'Does the great Englishman remember the poor Indian who last year was made to pay the long arrears?'

'Surely,' replied Tomlinson.

'I am he, worthy collector, I am he, who had his every *pice* (a small coin) 'taken from him, when the child which he now bears in his arms and his old father were almost starving. I am he, who at that moment made a vow to the gods of his fathers that he would live to be revenged on the destroyer of his fortune and his happiness, and thus I accomplish my oath.'

The collector started up, fancying the man was about to assault him. He, on the other hand, calmly stepping one pace back, suddenly raised his child high above his head, and, seizing it by its ankle, in the next instant dashed out its brains on the step before which he was standing. Then, turning to the horrified magistrate, he calmly added, 'Behold my act of retaliation! The child that lies dead before you was my only one, my adored one. I have destroyed it—I have sacrificed it to the god of vengeance, and its precious blood be on *your* head. *You* are its murderer; I have killed it in *your* name. It is even now in the valley of death, calling for revenge on *you*, who are its real assassin. Had I possessed anything more dear, I would have sacrificed it in the same way, to secure the punishments which *must* await you. My revenge is now complete.'

The wretched fanatic was instantly seized, and shortly afterwards tried. Far from attempting to palliate his offence, he loudly gloried in it; far from speaking of it as a rash act, committed in a moment of temporary insanity, he not only admitted the fact, but coolly argued on the justice of it; adding that, if he escaped from his present doom, he would immolate other victims, to secure a future vengeance on his enemy. The man was consequently tried, convicted and executed.

A few days after this, a person called at the collector's office to claim his fee as executioner, for having carried the late sentence of the law into effect. The money was paid him, and he was about to depart, when Major Tomlinson happened, as a mere matter of curiosity, to ask his name. Imagine his surprise when he found it the same as that of the malefactor himself. The coincidence struck him as strange.

'Are you any relation of the deceased?'

'I am his father, sahib.'

'And you hanged your own son?'

'What could I do, sahib? It was my son's fate. Had I not performed the last duties towards him, some one else would; and, as we were already poor, it would have been a pity that any one else should have profited by our misfortune.'

'And did you feel no compunction, no sorrow about the act?'

‘Sahib, it was my child’s fate; he was born to it. He has fulfilled it; why, then, should his father repent?’ And with a low salaam, and many thanks for his fee, the executioner of his own son contentedly left the presence of the astonished collector.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

AFRICAN SLAVE TRADE.

THERE is an old and vulgar proverb which implies that you may as well hang any poor dog, who happens to have incurred your indignation, as give him a bad name. This is a truth of universal application, not only to dogs but to men, not only to men but to things. It is the foundation of one half the prejudices in the world, and it affords to cunning men and cunning nations a means of injuring enemies, and effecting various other purposes, some of which it may be our task to expose. The first recorded exemplification of this wise saying is afforded by the history of a certain Quaker, who, when a dog ran into his shop, and gave him some cause for offence, exclaimed, ‘I will not strike thee, but I will give thee a bad name—mad dog, mad dog.’ Whereupon those who were in the street immediately pursued the unfortunate quadruped, and put him to death. But a far more important illustration of the subject has lately been afforded by the conduct of America and France regarding the reciprocal right of visit claimed by Great Britain for her ships within certain latitudes, for the purpose of suppressing the slave trade.

It may be as well to give a slight sketch of the affair from its commencement, without exactly entering into the chronology of the matter, which is unnecessary, but merely stating the facts. A great number of nations have confederated with Great Britain for the purpose of suppressing the infamous traffic in human beings, and some few have refused to enter into treaties to that effect, even while they pretended to hold the trade in abhorrence, cruisers were appointed to guard the coast of Africa, and stop any vessels carrying on the slave trade which might belong to subjects of the contracting powers. Notwithstanding the treaties, a very great number of vessels, belonging to those states which he had entered into them, were fitted out as slavers by the subjects of those states; and in order to escape the vigilance of the cruisers on the coast of Africa, they had recourse to an expedient of a wonderful, extraordinary, and almost miraculous character. The distinctive marks by which the vessels of different nations are officially known at sea, we must inform the unlearned reader, are certain pieces of thin

cloth, commonly called bunting, which being chequered with certain colors, according to the taste of the country, is named its flag, and distinguishes its vessels from those of other nations. Now when the slaver of any kingdom or state, which had prohibited the slave trade, perceived upon the coast of Africa any savage looking, cannon bearing vessel, with a flag having certain red and white crosses upon it, and knew thereby that it was that fierce and furious thing called a British cruiser, what did her commander do? Why he hit upon the ingenious expedient of diving down into certain coffers or chests after a piece of different colored bunting from his own; it might be all speckled over with stars, it might be plain white, it might be blue, red and white, and hauling it up by certain blocks, ropes, and pulleys, to a place where it was conspicuously in view, he sailed by the British cruiser as the ship of one of those powers which still claimed the right of dealing in human flesh. In other words the flags of non-contracting powers were employed to cover the criminal traffic carried on by daring villains of all nations, and the only possible means of putting a stop to this impudent and rascally proceeding was for the cruisers of those states, which prohibited the slave trade, to stop and visit every vessel of which they entertained a suspicion, in order to ascertain whether it really was or was not that which the flag announced it to be.

This operation might have been carried on for years without the slightest injury or offence to any one; a few minutes detention could rarely be very inconvenient, and not more than a few minutes was necessary to ascertain whether a ship under ordinary circumstances was or was not the property of the country whose flag she bore; but the slaver’s had recourse to other expedients, they did all they could to disguise the vessels, they often sent them forth furnished with the objects of legitimate trade, concealing as far as possible all the means and preparations with which they were fitted up for turning that trade into the slave trade as soon as occasion offered. The various deceptions thus practised rendered longer and more minute search absolutely necessary in many instances, and thence arose complaints and grumbings which were fostered and encouraged with every artful stimulant by the villains who, contrary to their own laws, still carried on the trade, and by the nations who thought fit to retain the unenviable privilege of committing crime.

England, however, still persisted in exercising the right of boarding vessels, appearing in suspicious circumstances within certain degrees of latitude; and it is proved beyond doubt that this right, having for its object the suppression of the

most infamous practices that ever disgraced mankind, was carried on with more moderation, and less annoyance, than ever attended the enforcing mere custom-house regulations having for their object a matter of revenue.

When fairly stated, and under its proper name, no state, government, or nation, could reasonably object to this right of visit, exercised simply for the purpose of ascertaining that a certain flag, displayed under suspicious circumstances, was really the national flag of the ship displaying it, and that, too, with perfect reciprocity, the ships of the greatest commercial and maritime nation in the world being subject to the same right of visit by the vessels of other nations. It so happened, however, that an immense number of American vessels, notwithstanding several severe laws passed by the congress of the United States, still remained engaged in the slave trade; so much so, indeed, that one American cruiser, in the course of the year 1821, captured five vessels fitted out on American account for the purposes of this inhuman traffic. But it unfortunately happened also, that in former years England had claimed and exercised a right not of *visitation* but of *search* for English seamen in vessels of the United States. This purely belligerent right was as totally distinct and separate from that now claimed by Great Britain as it is possible for any thing to be, both in theory, and in practice, but it unhappily occurred that the Americans peculiarly jealous of the mother country, and not altogether indisposed to profitable trades of any kind, thought fit to mix up the question of the right of search with the question of the right of visit, and to represent the two things as identical. The British government, and even British lawyers, not seeing the consequences of this mistake, suffered the term to be used without any strict definition; and consequently to return to the proverb with which we set out the dog got a bad name, which has caused a great deal of mischief.

It is but justice, however, to the people of the United States to admit, that, at one period of their history, their representatives in congress showed a sincere desire to put an end to the infamous traffic. On the fifteenth of May, 1820, the United States legislature passed a law by which all citizens of the Union, who might thenceforward seize or carry away any colored person, not being already a slave by the United States law, in order to make such person a slave, he should be adjudged a pirate, and on conviction suffer death; and in February, 1821, a Committee of the House of Representatives lamented the inefficiency of the existing laws for the suppression of the slave trade, and pronounced an opin-

ion that a practical abolition of the trade could only be obtained by a mutual concession of the maritime powers to each others' ships of war of a qualified right of search. They pointed out at the same time most distinctly that this concession was totally different from the belligerent right of searching for seamen claimed by Great Britain, and it is clearly proved that at this time the American cruisers were actually in the habit of visiting vessels suspected to be concerned in the slave trade on the coast of Africa under whatsoever flag they might be sailing. The United States President, however, persisted in confounding the right of visit to ascertain the nationality of a ship, with the belligerent right of search; and upon more reasonable and obvious grounds, he objected to the trial of American citizens by foreign tribunals. American citizens and all other foreigners, are of course, subject to trial by British courts for crimes committed within the limits of the British jurisdiction; but for crimes committed upon the high seas, except against British subjects or property, they can alone be answerable to their own courts. But the question might become somewhat complicated by the fact of the United States legislature having recognised the principle that persons engaged in the slave trade are pirates, which puts them beyond the pale of international law. This part of the question, however, has generally been evaded from the many difficulties surrounding it, and even the famous decision of Sir William Scott, in case of the French ship *Louis*, did not directly touch this point. It went to the effect, perhaps, that you must ascertain whether a ship be a pirate before you seize her, and that no proof of her piratical character, obtained in consequence of her seizure, will justify that act without other and preceding evidence to the same purpose. At that time, however, it must be remarked that Great Britain herself had not declared the slave trade to be piratical, and consequently her courts were in no condition to avail themselves of the American law to that effect.

America herself suggested such a step to the government of this country, her legislature having passed a resolution by which the executive government was authorised to enter into negotiations with all the states to which it had ministers accredited, for the purpose of concluding conventions declaring 'the slave trade to be piracy, and authorizing the armed vessels of the one nation to capture those of another engaged in the trade, on condition that the captor should deliver over the captured party to the tribunals of his own country for trial, and that the capturing officer should be responsible for any abusive exercise of his power.' Such was the propo-

sal made by America to England, in August 1823, and England acted with her usual sincerity and truth, and not only accepted the proposal as the basis of a convention, but submitted it to parliament, and carried a bill declaring the slave trade to be piracy. A convention was drawn up accordingly upon this basis, and signed by the diplomatic functionaries of both countries; but the American senate refused to ratify some of the articles; and while negotiations were going on, individual interests and public jealousies raised up a strong party in America, against the convention, which was ultimately lost.

Amongst the many great evils of democratic institutions, whether in a pure or mixed form, one of the greatest is the uncertainty of all negotiations, the impotence of executive wisdom, and the want of fixed principles upon every question of vital importance.

Who could suppose that the nation which was thus forward in 1823 to suggest the only practicable means of suppressing the slave trade would in 1841 and 1842 resist, with the most violent clamour, means much less stringent than were then proposed; go out of the ordinary course of diplomatic proceedings to interfere with the negotiations taking place between two foreign countries for so noble an object, and aid in exciting the passions of the foolish, the prejudiced, and the ignorant of the French people, to oppose with virulence of temper, weakness of argument, and ignorance of facts—probably never equalled in the history of mankind—a treaty which could not but redound to their own honor, and arrive at the object which they pretend to have in view?

Interested persons, however, proceeding in any base and iniquitous course, generally look upon themselves as perfectly safe so long as they can enlist the popular passions of their country on their side; and there can be but very little doubt in the minds of any one that both in America and in France, people having a direct interest in the slave trade have long exerted themselves in an artful manner to misrepresent the conduct of Great Britain for the suppression of that horrible traffic, and to create an outcry against every measure adopted by their several governments for the same purpose. In both countries political factions have been induced for their own objects to forget the dignity of justice, and to argue as if this country sought to keep in her own hands exclusively what has been called the police of the seas, when in fact this is an infamous perversion of her claim, which bears upon its face the offer of subjecting her own vessels, tenfold as numerous as those of her opponents, to the same supervision on the part of other states which she herself seeks to exercise. Ev-

ery day, too, a thousand false statements are put forward, sometimes to show that the concession of the claim is not necessary; sometimes that it would be dangerous; sometimes that it would be degrading: when the experience of years has proved that not the slightest peril is attached to it: when the governments of the very countries which now oppose it, have looked upon it in former years as an honor to the national character for humanity to concede and to suggest it, and when facts within the reach of every one establish that it is more necessary now than ever. We may also add to the list of absurdities written and spoken upon this subject, the assertion that Great Britain has her own commercial advantages in view in the suppression of the slave trade, when she herself has very lately made a sacrifice of twenty-one millions to wipe away the stain of slavery forever from her empire. Some of these assertions are so self-evidently foolish, that we shall only deal with one, as the others bear their own refutation with them. That assertion is, (and it has been made by those who should know better,) that there exists no longer any necessity for visiting suspected vessels on the coast of Africa. Some have gone so far as to assert that the slave trade is at an end; some that sufficient vigilance is exerted by the nations who repudiate the crime, to prevent their flag from being employed to cover this nefarious traffic.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE LORD OF CORASSE.

A LEGEND.

Though France has many a valorous Knight
Who shines in her annals of chivalry bright,
And many a name
That is blazoned by fame,
Yet none of her Knights could in daring surpass
The proud Baron Raymond, the Lord of Corasse.

Aye, well has he fought on full many a day,
And gallantly borne him in many a fray—
But Lord Raymond, just now,
Has got into a row,
Which he may not get easily out of, I trow;
For helmet and falchion, and corselet of mail,
And vassal and henchman, can little avail
'Gainst the foes who the valiant Lord Raymond assail,
For he's got himself into the preciouslest lurch
By swearing he won't pay his tythes to the church,
And the Clerk of Corasse is exceeding irate,
And to Avignon goes to Pope Urban to state
The question in full,
In the hope of a Bull
By which he'll get into the Lord Baron's wool;
And Urban the Fifth having called his consistory,
And carefully heard all his reverence's history,
Declares that the Clerk has established his right,

With costs of the suit to be paid by the Knight,
And the Clerk of Corasse having got his decree,
Sets off for Bearn with abundance of glee;
Thinking, 'Now, my Lord Baron, you'll down with your
dust,
Refuse if you dare, when the Pope says you must.'

The Lord Baron Raymond is taking a snooze,
When a messenger comes with the desperate news;
For when dinner is o'er,
'Tis his custom to snore
For a couple of hours—say from two until four—
And so, while he's sleeping, the messenger waits,
And is then ushered into his presence and states—
Growing pale and then red,
Having some sort of dread,
Lest the Baron might chance to make free with his head—
That the Pope had pronounced his most solemn decision,
Condemning his highness, the Baron, to pay
The tythes in arrear, without any delay,
To his reverence the Clerk;
And besides, as a mark
Of proper contrition, obedience, and lowliness,
To write off for pardon at once to his Holiness!

But the Lord of Corasse, with a smile of derision—
While a comical air on his countenance glows,
Lays his fore-finger flat by the side of his nose,
And exclaims (which was wrong, and I greatly regret it),
'Ask the Clerk of Corasse, don't he wish he may get it?'
And then while his conduct the messenger scares,
Coolly bids his attendants to show him down stairs.

But it so comes to pass
That the Clerk of Corasse,
Don't overmuch like to be 'writ down an ass.'
And his messenger not having brought him the pelf,
He sets off to seek the Lord Baron himself,
In the confident hope
That his eyes he may ope
To a sense of his crime by the bull of the Pope—
Devoting his Lordship to certain perdition,
If he don't pay his tythes, and show proper contrition—
And so he proceeds, and he reaches in state
The chateau de Corasse, and raps at the gate,
As the Lord Baron Raymond, unfortunate sinner,
With the Lady Corasse is just sitting to dinner.

'Tis a fine old hall,
With its windows tall,
And banner and lance on the grey stone wall,
And sword and shield,
That—many a field
Of valiant fight to the mind recall—
And the wolf-dogs sleep by the blazing fire,
While the old oak board
Is amply stored—
And there sit Lady and Lord and Squire,
And the merry page with his gay attire.
The wild boar's head
Before them spread,
And the dainty peacock, and snow-white bread,
And cups of the choicest Calcovella,
Which the Baron got from a right gay fellow,
His friend the Abbot of Compostello,
While homelier food
For the vassals rude,

At the table's foot is amply strewed,
And many a weary wanderer there,
Of the meat and drink has a welcome share—
For ne'er unrelieved did the poor man pass
The castle gate of the Lord de Corasse.

But the Clerk of Corasse has not come to dine,
And will not be tempted by peacock or chine,
Or the Abbot of Compostello's wine,
Though he deems them very good things I opine.
To the Baron's request
That he'll join as a guest,
He replies, 'My Lord Baron, I've not come to jest—
How can you suppose that I'll join at your dinner,
Denounced by the Pope, as you are, for a sinner—
Refusing to pay
In the regular way,
The tythes of your church, to his grief and dismay—
But mark me, Lord Raymond, the bull I have—' 'Hold!
Cries the Baron, whose dinner is fast getting cold,
'Methinks, good sir Clerk, this is somewhat too bold—
Just take my advice
And be off in a trice.
If you dare come again for the tythes, by the mass!
They shall drag in the moat for the Clerk of Corasse.'

The Clerk of Corasse seems exceedingly blue,
For the Baron ne'er says what the Baron won't do—
And his honor is strictest, we may well suppose,
Whenever he swears not to pay what he owes.
Still his reverence replies,
Though it scarcely is wise—
But somehow he trusts to his clerical guise—
'Very well, my Lord Baron, do just as you please,
But perchance you will yet
Wish you'd settled the debt—
Till you do, I can promise you'll get little ease.'

Then he turns on his heel,
While he strives to conceal
The wrath and annoyance which fear of the Knight
Very prudently kept him from speaking outright,
While the latter remarks, with a look of disdain,
'Poor man, I fear something's wrong with his brain.'

Night's shadows are deep
Upon turret and keep,
And those in the castle are all fast asleep,
Enjoying a pleasant cessation of strife—
And chiefly Lord Raymond in bed with his wife,
Who slumbers as soundly
And snores as profoundly
As if he would sleep for the rest of his life.
But harken, what din
Is that gathering within—
What a clattering of iron, and crockery, and tin—
What smashing,
What clashing,
What shouts and what roars,
What slamming of doors,
And throwing down stairs chairs and tables by scores.
Her ladyship wakes, full of wonder and fear,
And calls up her husband the racket to hear—
But the Baron, who guesses the cause of the riot,
Says he'd very much wish she had kept herself quiet—
Vows it's nothing at all
But a common-place squall

That is rattling the bucklers and swords in the hall,
And wonders such trifles his wife can appal—
And his lady, though having good reason to doubt it,
Thinks it better to say nothing further about it—
Though still, as the noises go on all the night,
She continues awake in a desperate fright—
And the Baron himself, although shamming a snore,
Never closes his eyes until quarter past four.

Lightly the morning's freshest breeze
Is fanning the blue Pyrenees,
Whose snow-capped summits proudly tower,
Resplendant in the day-god's light,
While round their feet full many a flower
Sips the last dewy kiss of night—
Where branches green
Wave all unseen

In many a deep and wild ravine—
And streamlets, in whose chrystal wave
Fair girls their snowy limbs may lave—
With fairy tide,
All rippling glide

In grassy nooks awhile to hide—
Then stealing forth, with silver spray,
In mimic torrents dance and play—
Till on some lake et's tranquil breast,
As infant babes they drop to rest,
And crag, and stream, and elfin bower,
And snows, by human foot untrod,
Are emblems from the hand of God
Of beauty, majesty, and power.

But stay, 'tis day,
And its beams display

Lost night's disasters, in dire array—
Chairs and tables are found all astray,
And all the pictures turned the wrong way.
Shields and swords that hung in the hall
All have tumbled down from the wall—
Then, in the kitchen, all the delf
Has been pitched from every shelf,
Plates and dishes, and pitchers and jugs,
Pots and pans, and platters and mugs,
Are strewn around
All over the ground,

There ain't a thing in its place to be found.

But the worst of all—a certain token

'Twas Old Nick's doing—is that nothing's broken.

And the servants stare,

With bristling hair,

And a terrible dread of that earthenware—
Increased by the Baron's daring mockery

Of the powers Satannic,
When, scorning their panic,

He shouts, 'You villains, set up the crockery !'
But whatever their awe,
That mandate is law,

Which they dread as much as old Beelzebub's claw:

So, down in a group

To obey it, they stoop,

And one who, in daring, surpasses the rest,
Affecting to treat the whole thing as a jest,

Is raising the largest of all the tureens,

When he glances about,

Gives one desperate shout,

To the floor goes the vessel in small smithereens.

Squires, vassals and all
Rush alarmed from the hall,
For from out the tureen, as that menial arose,
A very small mouse had jumped up on his nose,
Which he fancied, poor elf,
Was the devil himself,
And awed, of course, by his sad situation,
Gave the shout that produced such sublime consternation.
Fierce is the ire of the chivalrous Lord—
He swears to exhibit
Each man on a gibbet
Who refuses to touch the utensils abhorred—
And by such threats
In a short time he gets
The dishes and plates to their places restored—
Then makes the men swear
That they never will dare
To utter a sentence about the affair—
And vows that if one of them talks of the dresser,
To even his wife or his father confessor,
He knows what to do for the daring transgressor.

'Tis midnight once more,

But the Baron don't snore,

But lies wide awake, while he cons o'er and o'er
The riot that went on the midnight before—

When again it begins,

The most furious of dins—

Lord! was ever man punished so much for his sins?

And now something furiously thumps at his door.

With vexation he writhes,

And cries, 'Damn them for tythes,

Be they demons or angels, I won't remain quiet—

Who the devil are you that rouse up such a riot?'—

And jumps up in bed,

While his lady, half dead

With fright, pulls the counterpane over her head,

Not wishing to be carried off in his stead,

But seemingly not in the least degree loth

That her husband should go to the devil for both.

The reply to the Knight

Was in truth more polite

Than what from his question one might think was right,

Namely—'Orthon's my name,

And I hitherward came,

For the Clerk of Corasse retribution to claim.

He vows that your conduct's excessively scurvy,

And he bids me turn the whole place topsy-turvy,

Till such time as you choose

To come down with your dues,

And the Clerk is a man that I may not refuse.'

'Ho, ho!' says the Knight, 'so 'tis this little matter

That makes you create such a deuce of a clatter—

But Orthon, I say,

Can you stoop to obey

A chap like the Clerk in so shabby a way?

A spirit of spunk,

To be slave to a monk—

My excellent friend, are you foolish or drunk?

Besides, I've strong notions of cutting his throat

And pitching his *corpus* outside in the moat—

But *n'importe* as to that

Just answer me flat,

Will you give up, old fellow, this churlish divine,

And instead of his service be entered in mine?'—

This speech of the Knight,
 In so woeful a plight,
 The friendship of Orthon conciliates quite—
 Who vows, to the grave,
 To be thenceforth his slave—
 Then whispers three words which I'm bound not to write,
 To which the Lord Raymond replies—'Honor bright!'
 And in less than a minute the long corridor
 Re-echoes no sound save his highness's snore.

Night after night,
 This singular sprite
 At the Baron's bedside would at midnight alight,
 And speak in his ear
 What took place far and near,
 And often by these means the Baron would hear
 In a day, what his friends might not know in a year.
 Poor Orthon would just give a pull at his night-cap.
 For the Baron *did* wear one—a red—not a white cap,
 And say—'My good Baron, do pray pay attention
 To a trifle of news that I've just got to mention—
 A thing which took place
 Two days since,' (as the case
 Might be,) an intrigue or a battle, or chase.
 In fact, through this Orthon he knew in a word,
 All that happened almost at the time it occurred—
 And throughout the whole province his quick information
 Of whatever took place, caused profound admiration.

Now the Baron would oft intelligence send
 To the Count de Foix, his particular friend,
 Of things which the sprite
 Used to tell him at night—
 The value of which was not frequently slight—
 And the Count cannot guess
 By what sort of express
 He hears all his news—and he cannot repress
 His wish to find out
 Who the deuce is the scout
 Who can manage to travel so swiftly about,
 And discover what's done
 Everywhere 'neath the sun.
 And one night, as the Baron and he sit together,
 Discussing the state of the crops and the weather—
 Being both rather mellow
 From old calcovello,
 He learns from the Knight
 The whole tale of the sprite,
 And exclaims—'Pon my life you're a d—d lucky wight!
 But what sort is this creature
 In figure and feature,

Who acts in a way so exceeding polite?'
 'Egad!' says the Baron, 'though strange it appear,
 Of one who conveys so much news to my ear,
 I never yet saw him.' 'You did'nt?—how queer!
 To see him, Lord bless me! I'd give any money—
 I'm sure the chap's phiz is uncommonly funny.
 When next in your way he may happen to throw himself,
 My friend, you'll oblige me by making him show himself.'

'Very well,' says Lord Raymond—and that very night,
 To the Baron's bedside comes the comical sprite.
 He seems somewhat distressed
 At the Baron's request—
 But the latter on pleasing his guest still is bent.
 So, says Orthon at last—'Very well, I consent—

I hope you won't have much cause to repent.
 When to-morrow you rise,
 I'll appear to your eyes
 On your quitting your room—
 But if you presume
 To insult me in any way—mark me, my friend—
 All connection between us must instantly end.'
 And thus having spoken, away flies the sprite,
 And the Baron goes soundly to sleep for the night.

At eight the Baron jumps out of bed,
 And his night-cap red
 He pulls off his head,
 And says, with a sort of self-satisfied grunt—
 'Tis a capital morning, by Jove, for a hunt!
 But no—I'm infernally puzzled for blunt.
 I must manage to pillage
 The next Spanish village—
 Those vassals of mine have no genius for tillage.
 But, (he pulls on his boots)
 Who can blame the poor brutes
 For disliking such very unwartlike pursuits?
 Thank heaven, we're surrounded by capital neighbors,
 And can easily get at the fruit of their labors.
 Work is very distressing
 (He now has done dressing,
 And quitted his room) and 'tis really a blessing
 To—Lord! did I ever behold until now
 Such a horrible, ill-looking brute as that sow—
 Complete bone and skin,
 And as ugly as tfin—
 She's quite a disgrace
 To a nobleman's place.
 Hallo! Hugh, set the dogs on that rascally brute!'

But 'twere idle pursuit,
 For the sow, although mute
 Till the order was given, with a wonderful cry,
 Had vanish'd at once from the nobleman's eye.
 Not a soul could tell where,
 In the earth or the air,
 But 'tis perfectly clear she no longer is there,
 And Hugh and the Baron at each other stare,
 Exceedingly puzzled about the affair.

The Lord of Corasse for a moment reflects,
 And the warning of Orthon he soon recollects,
 And 'tis clear to him now
 That that lean looking sow
 Which he saw disappear
 In a manner so queer,
 Was none else than the spirit, and great is his fear
 That his haste and imprudence have cut their connexion,
 Which makes him a prey to the deepest dejection—
 For night follows night,
 But they bring not the sprite;
 The Lord of Corasse grows dispirited quite,
 And pines slowly away,
 By a gradual decay,
 And before the year's end is converted to clay.

O'er his body his widows and vassals erect
 A beautiful tomb, as a mark of respect,
 Where, stretched at full length, looking up to the skies,
 His effigy—just like an epitaph—lies.
 And close to his feet—one may see it there now—

There's a figure in stone of a lean looking sow.
 (A coincidence here I perhaps should point out,
 Though I don't know what light on the story it throw,
 Which is, that the Baron has lost half his nose,
 And the sow has got rid of two thirds of her snout,
 Antiquarians will make something of it, no doubt.)

The arms are effaced,
 But one line can be traced
 Of inscription, and none seems to have been erased,
 Though this is concealed amidst rubbish and grass—
 'Ty. git Raymond, le dernier Seigneur de Corasse.'

The moral that lurks in this story is deep.
 But one that 'twere wise from the vulgar to keep.
 Reader, think on it morning and night, and mayhap—
 If you do make it out, have a care—*verbum sap.*

From Tait's Magazine.

THE SONG OF MAY.

Where the snow lies cold
 In his glacier hold,
 Will I unseal the fountain—
 And loosen the reins
 Of his silver veins,
 To prance down the lichen mountain.
 And the agate cups of the lilies pale,
 With their golden petals spreading,
 Shall pout for his gush in the balmy vale,
 As a virgin sighs for her wedding.
 They shall meet—shall meet,
 For his liquid feet
 Shall yield to no long delay—
 They shall wed—and bless
 With their loveliness,
 The wreath of the Poet May.

Where the brown deer slake
 At the lonely lake,
 By a glade through the forest peeping,
 And bright with the dew
 Of the mountains blue,
 The weary river is creeping—
 With an artful lure shall the fisher ply
 His gentle craft unheeded—
 (A supple rod, and a cunning fly,
 And a musing soul, are needed.)
 While I scatter bloom
 And the spring's perfume
 From wings of the heron gray,
 As he wades and flies,
 Through the argosies
 Of emerald-freighted May.
 Where steps but a span
 Yonder bow'd old man,
 On well worn crutches leaning—
 The oak I will dress
 In a wilderness
 Of foliage, brightly preening.
 And deep in the shade of his goodly boughs,
 With lips like dew-bathed roses,
 Sweet maidens shall sigh to their rustics' vows,
 When the village revel closes—
 While Age shall relate
 How he danced and sate

With those in the church-yard clay,
 Once the fair and the free,
 'Neath that self-same tree,
 In bright, incense-breathing May.

Even cities dun
 Shall partake my sun,
 Through shattered casements streaming,
 Where the son of toil
 With a ghastly smile,
 Of his school-boy days is dreaming.
 And when he awakes to the conscious world,
 The bright ideas haunting,
 He shall think of the wilds where the woodbine curl'd
 And the poppies bright are flaunting,
 And stricken and shrunk
 Like a blasted trunk
 Still bare in the woodlands gay,
 Shall forget his care,
 In the bloom-charmed air
 Of the dainty Sylphide, May!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE DOOM OF THE MIRROR.

Fair Judith Lee—a harassed pair
 Were steed and rider weary,
 As, winding down from mountains bare,
 By crag and fastness dreary,
 I first beheld her—where the path
 Resign'd its sterner traces—
 In a green depth of woods, like wrath
 Subdued by love's embraces.
 By the oak-shadowed well she stood,
 Her radiant arms uplifted,
 To bind the curls whose golden flood
 Had from its fillets drifted.
 Whilst stooping o'er the fount, to fill
 A rustic urn beside her,
 Her face to Evening's beauty still
 Imparting beauty wider.
 She told me of the road I miss'd—
 Gave me to drink—and even,
 At parting, waved the hand she kiss'd,
 White as a star in heaven:
 But never smiled—though prompt and warm
 I paid, in duteous phrases,
 The tribute that so fair a form
 From minstrel ever raises.
 As gladness murmur'd to her cheek,
 Unfolded not its roses—
 That bluest morn will never break
 Which in her eye reposes.
 Some gentle woe, with dove-like wings,
 Has o'er her cast a shadow,
 Soft as the sky of April flings
 Upon a vernal meadow.
 In vain, with venial art, to sound
 The springs of that affliction,
 I hinted of my craft—renowned
 For ages in prediction—
 In vain assuming mystic power,
 Her fortune to discover,

I guess'd its golden items o'er,
And closed it with—a lover!
It fail'd for once—that final word—
A maiden's brow to brighten,
A cloud within her soul unstirred,
Refused to flash or lighten.
She felt and thank'd the artifice,
Beneath whose faint disguising
I would have prompted hope and peace,
In accents sympathising.

But no—she said (the while her face
A summer wave resembled,
Outsparkling from some leafy place,
And back to darkness trembled)—
For her was neither living hope
Nor loving heart allotted—
Joy had but drawn her horoscope
For sorrow's hand to blot it.

Her words made silvery stop—for lo!
Peals of sweet laughter ringing—
And through the wood's green solitudes
Glad village damsels winging!
And though that mirth some feeling jarred,
The maiden, pensive-hearted,
Murmured farewell, and through the dell
In loneliness departed.

With breeze-tossed locks and gleaming feet
And store of slender pitchers,
O'er the dim lawns, like rushing fawns,
Came the fair water-fetchers—
And there, while round that well's gray oak,
Cluster'd the sudden glory,
Fair Judith Lee, from guileless lips,
I heard thy simple story.

Of humble lot—the legends wild
Believed by that condition,
Had mingled with her spirit mild
A haunting superstition,
Which grew to grief, when o'er her youth
A doom descended, spoken
On those who see beneath their touch
A fatal Mirror broken.

'Neper in life to prosper more,*
And so from life sequester'd,
In dim forebodings brooding o'er
A shafted fate that fester'd
Deep in the white depths of her soul,
The patient girl awaited
Ill's viewless train—her days to pain
And duty consecrated.

At times she deemed the coming woe
Through other's hearts would reach her,
And every tie that twined her low
Upon the lap of nature—
Her once-loved head unwatch'd, unknown,
Should sink in meek dejection
Hush'd as some Quiet carved in stone
Above entombed affection.

Even her young heart's instinctive want,
Beloved to be, and loving,
Inexorably vigilant,

She check'd with cold reproving.
For still she saw, should tempests frown,
A treacherous anchor sever,
And Hope's whole priceless weight go down,
A shipwreck'd thing forever.

So pined that gracious form away,
Her bliss-fraught life untasted—
A breeze-harp whose divinest voice
On lonely winds is wasted.
And such the tale to me convey'd,
In laughing tones, or lowly,
As still that rosy crowd was swayed
By mirth or melancholy.

I've seen, since then, the churchyard nook
Where Judith Lee lies sleeping—
A wild ash loves it, and a brook
By emerald mosses creeping.
For that lost maiden, ever there
A low sweet mass is singing,
And all around, like nuns at prayer,
Pale water-flowers are springing.

Poor girl!—I've thought, as there reclined,
I drank the sunset's glory,
Thy tale, to meditative mind,
Is but an allegory.
Once shatter inborn truth divine,
A soul's transparent mirror,
Where Heaven's reflection loved to shine,
And what remains but terror?

Terror and woe—faith's holy face
No more our hearts relieving—
Fades from the past each early grace,
And future brings but grieving.
However fast life's blessings fall
In lavish sunshine o'er us,
A broken glass distorts them all,
Whose fragments lie before us,

*The superstition that whoever breaks a looking-glass is destined to misfortune is widely entertained in Ireland. It is not however confined to that country, as I have met with it in England; and this little story is not altogether imaginative.

THE OUTLAW.

They knew him in his gladness,
In his summer's brightest day—
Ere penury and sadness
Had dimm'd its latest ray.
Who can admire the sunbeams
When hid in transient gloom?
Or who can love the rose-tree
When its roses cease to bloom?

They left him in his sorrow,
When his heart was sad and lone,
When he rose upon the morrow
But to wish it past and gone!
Oh, who can love the winter,
When its sky with tempest lowers?
'Tis the Spring alone finds friends
For its sunbeams and its flowers.